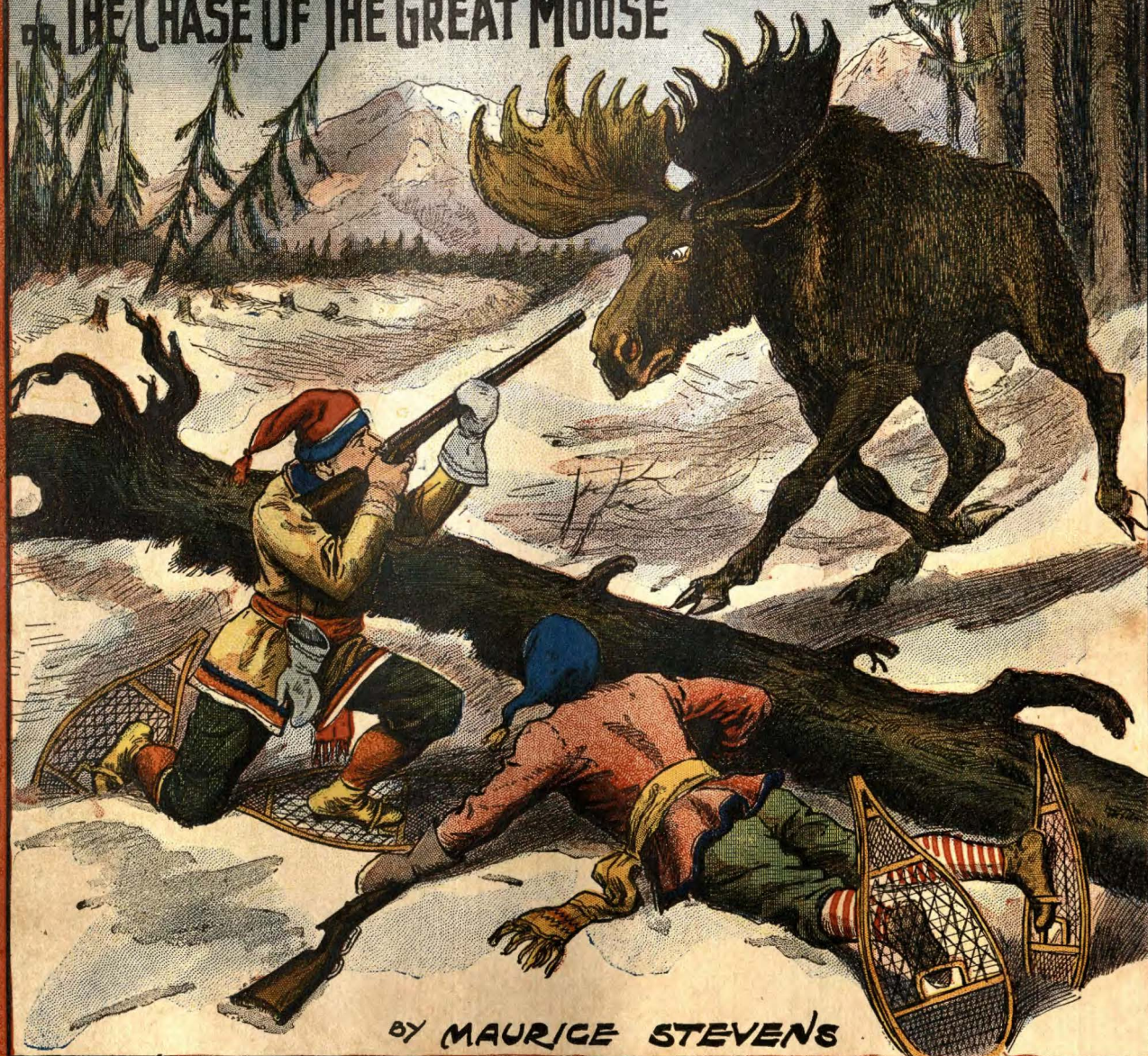


No. 49

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ALL-SPORTS LIBRARY

JACK LIGHTFOOT ON SNOW-SHOES OR THE CHASE OF THE GREAT MOOSE



BY MAURICE STEVENS

The giant moose was almost upon them, his huge frame trembling with fury, when Jack looked along the shining barrel of his faithful Winchester.

Publishers' Note. "Teach the American boy how to become an athlete, and lay the foundation for a Constitution greater than that of the United States."—Wise sayings from "Tip Top." There has never been a time when the boys of this great country took so keen an interest in all manly and health-giving sports as they do to-day. As proof of this witness the record-breaking throngs that attend college struggles on the gridiron, as well as athletic and baseball games, and other tests of endurance and skill. In a multitude of other channels this love for the "life strenuous" is making itself manifest, so that, as a nation, we are rapidly forging to the front as seekers of honest sport. Recognizing this "handwriting on the wall," we have concluded that the time has arrived to give this vast army of young enthusiasts a publication devoted exclusively to invigorating out-door life. We feel we are justified in anticipating a warm response from our sturdy American boys, who are sure to revel in the stirring phases of sport and adventure, through which our characters pass from week to week.

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NEW YORK, January 13, 1906.

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JACK LIGHTFOOT ON SNOW-SHOES;

OR,

The Chase of the Great Moose.

By MAURICE STEVENS.

CHARACTERS IN THIS STORY.

Jack Lightfoot, the best all-round athlete in Cranford or vicinity, a lad clear of eye, clean of speech, and, after he had conquered a few of his faults, possessed of a faculty for *doing things* while others were talking, that by degrees caused him to be looked upon as the natural leader in all the sports Young America delights in—a boy who in learning to conquer himself put the power into his hands to wrest victory from others.

Tom Lightfoot, Jack's cousin, and sometimes his rival; though their striving for the mastery was always of the friendly, generous kind. Tom was called the "Book-Worm" by his fellows, on account of his love for studying such secrets of nature as practical observers have discovered and published; so that he possessed a fund of general knowledge calculated to prove useful upon many occasions.

Lafe Lampton, a big, hulking chap, with an ever present craving for something to eat. Lafe always had his appetite along, and proved a staunch friend of our hero through thick and thin.

Mr. Joe Denton, Jack's genial uncle, a lumberman from Canada, who gave the boys a pressing invitation to go to the snow forest with him and see what genuine sport was like.

Mr. and Mrs. Lightfoot, Jack's parents.

Daisy, his sister.

Jim and Bill Henley, who kept the trading post where Indians brought their "pelts" for barter.

Musgrave, the Indian guide, keen of eye, strong of muscle, and with a power to read the signs of the wild as though it were an open book.

CHAPTER I.

GREAT SPORT AHEAD.

"Game?"

"That's what, Uncle Joe! I never had seen the equal of it!" cried Jack Lightfoot, with eyes bright and with cheeks flushed with enthusiasm.

Mr. Denton smiled a bit oddly, and allowed him to continue.

"Ducks by the million, Uncle Joe!" Jack went on, with an expressive wave of both arms. "Pelicans, cranes, and blue herons by the thousands. Coons by the hundred, Uncle Joe, and wildcats thrown in just for a side-dish. Oh, it was great, sir! Never anything like it!"

The scene was the sitting-room of Jack Lightfoot's home in Cranford.

His companions were his parents and his sister, Daisy Lightfoot, also one big, rugged man with a round, red face, who would have tipped the scales at

the two-hundred mark, yet from top to toe was all muscle.

This man's name was Mr. Joseph Denton, who had married a sister of Jack's mother, and dwelt in the far North.

In a nutshell, Mr. Denton was a Canadian, a man of considerable means, and with big lumber interests in his own section.

Business had recently brought him into the States, and for the first time in many years he was paying a short visit to Cranford.

This occurred all by chance, just at the time Jack Lightfoot arrived home from Florida, after a stirring cruise with his Cousin Tom and Lafe Lampton, one of his most loyal friends, down the famous Indian River.

Jack had been home three days, yet hardly for a moment had he ceased talking about his trip South, and of the fine hunting and remarkable adventures he had experienced.

It was while thus engaged one evening after supper that the above remarks were made by him, to which his Canadian uncle sat listening with an air of mingled incredulity and amusement, for which Jack could by no means account.

It was because of this that his enthusiasm carried him even a little farther than usual, in speaking of the scenes and incidents which he had experienced in Florida.

"That's right, Uncle Joe, every word of it," he went on, when the big, genial lumberman made no reply. "I'm giving it to you straight."

"That so, Jack?"

"I've seen good sport in my day, of one kind or another, but none compares with that I have described. It's a great country, that Florida, with no end of fish and game."

Mr. Denton indulged in a jovial, resonant laugh, with his huge figure shaking ponderously for several moments.

It was just such a laugh as one might expect from a big, jolly, red-faced lumberman, full of life, vigor, and irrepressible good-nature.

"Game, Jack; is that what you call it?" said he, in kindly jest. "You never yet have seen any real game, my boy."

"What's that, sir?" cried Jack, bristling with surprise.

"You have tasted only the soup, Jack, that is brought on to whet the appetite a little, and prepare one for the

roast and the real dinner," laughed Mr. Denton, in his genial fashion.

"I guess I don't quite see at what you are driving, Uncle Joe," laughed Jack, shaking his head doubtfully.

"In that case, my boy, I will tell you."

"I'm all ears, sir."

Then Mr. Denton explained.

"There is as great a difference between the game of the North and the South, Jack, as there is between the people one meets within the same sections," said he, smiling. "The farther south you go, and the warmer climate you reach, the more sluggish and indolent characteristics will be observed in the inhabitants. This is only natural, in a way, for it is the result of climatic conditions."

"I follow you, sir," nodded Jack, with much interest.

"On the other hand, if you go north," continued Mr. Denton, "you will find that the farther you go, up to a certain latitude, the cold climate produces the opposite type of men. If you get too far north, however, you will reach a point at which the climate again operates to a disadvantage."

"I understand, sir."

"Our temperate zone, with its healthful and invigorating changes, not running to immoderation in either direction, produces the best type of men, those big, brainy, and energetic men who are chiefly responsible for the onward march of civilization."

"I think that is true, Uncle Joe," admitted Jack, bowing.

"And the same is true of the lower animals," added Mr. Denton, with a laugh. "You will find more or less sluggishness in those of the South, the natural indolence that is produced by the exceeding heat and the ease with which a living, such as it is, may be obtained in countries where nature provides abundantly the year round."

"That's true, sir."

"Talking about game, Jack, and true sport!" cried Mr. Denton, now getting back to the main point; "why, my dear boy, as I said before, you have tasted only the soup. To know what sport means, with that wild, invigorating, intoxicating excitement that takes years off a man's age, you should go up my way, and smell the pines and balsam firs of Canada, and put your strength and cunning against those of the giant moose, the fleet caribou, or the fierce black bear. They would thrill your nerves, and set your blood leaping, Jack, as no Southern sport could possibly do."

There was much of the same spirit in the man himself, as he warmed up while speaking; and his brighter eyes his resonant voice and the brief picture he verbally drew, sent a flush of excitement to Jack Lightfoot's cheeks and eager fire to his keen dark eyes.

"Jiminy crickets!" he cried impulsively. "I'd give a good deal Uncle Joe, if I could go up against that kind of game just once in my life!"

"Well, what's to hinder?"

"Hinder?" gasped Jack, with a sudden, wild hope thrilling him.

His father, who had been an attentive listener to the foregoing, now laughed deeply, and said:

"You had better take Jack and his friends up there with you when you go back, Joe, and give them a taste of your Northern sport."

Jack Lightfoot knew what this meant.

He came out of his chair with a bound, and leaped nearly to the ceiling.

"Whoop! Hurrah! Siss-boom-rah!" he shouted, utterly unable to contain himself. "Say you'll do it, Uncle Joe! Only say you'll do it, and you'll make me the happiest chap in all the world!"

"Not more happy than I shall be to have you go with me," cried Mr. Denton, laughing.

"And Tom?"

"Certainly."

"And Lafe Lampton?"

"We couldn't omit Lafe, Jack, I'm sure."

"I may go, father?"

"If your mother has no objection."

"What do you say, mother?"

"Whatever your father says. When you return you will be in pretty good trim for a strong siege of schooling, with fair Harvard for your goal. Only, take care of yourself, my son."

"Then I say—go!"

"And go it is!" cried Uncle Joe. "We'll leave Cranford day after to-morrow, bound for the Canadian wilds."

There was no holding Jack Lightfoot then, when the outing was practically assured.

The house seemed altogether too small for him. He felt as if he was swelling to such colossal proportions that he should burst, explode, or fly to atoms.

Before anybody could check him, he rushed into the hall, snatched his hat and coat from a peg on the wall, and in three seconds was tearing through the streets of Cranford as he never yet had torn around the bases at the crisis of the closest of close games.

Uncle Joe looked a good bit amazed at this abrupt

departure, and began to exhibit some serious apprehensions.

"I hope the prospect has not driven him crazy," said he, turning to Jack's father. "Has he gone out of his head, think you?"

"Not by a long chalk, Joe!" was the reply, with a hearty laugh.

"I hope not, I'm sure."

"Jack has a very level head on his shoulders, none more cool at a time of need or danger, I've discovered; but his enthusiasm over your kind offer was more than he could contain."

"Oh, that was it, eh?"

"He had to let himself out in some way."

"I think I can guess where he has gone," said Mrs. Lightfoot, turning with a smile to the two men.

"Where is that?" asked Uncle Joe.

"He has gone to tell the joyous news to Tom and Lafe, and learn whether they can also accept your invitation."

"Ah, good for him!" exclaimed Mr. Denton. "Accept—why, of course they can! I shall take all three of them with me, Mrs. Lightfoot, even if I do it by main strength."

"I hardly think that will be necessary, Joe," she replied, laughing.

"I hope not, I'm sure."

"I think it quite likely that all three of them will put in an appearance here very soon," added Jack's mother. "They are like colts turned loose."

"I guess that's right."

"There will be no holding them, once the expedition is assured, and you soon will have them about your ears to learn all the particulars."

"The sooner the better!" cried Mr. Denton heartily. "I look forward to their visit as joyously as they, and I will give them the outing of their lives."

CHAPTER II.

THE HUNTER'S OUTFIT.

The predictions of Mrs. Lightfoot were entirely correct.

Jack was no sooner out of the house than he made a bee-line for Lafe Lampton's home, and, upon arriving there, he didn't even stop to knock, which was not in the least necessary, owing to his familiar relations with the family.

He bolted into the house and into the room where Lafe then was seated, reading, and with flushed cheeks and eyes glowing, he cried excitedly:

"Lafe, can you go to Canada?"

"Canada?"

"Moose hunting!"

"Moose hunting?"

"Deer hunting!"

"Deer hunting?"

"Bear hunting!"

Lafe's eyes now were sticking out a good inch, or so, at least, they appeared, and he gave a loud gasp, and caught his breath.

"Say!" he cried. "You haven't slipped a cog in your running-gear, have you, Jack?"

"Not a cog, Lafe."

"Nor let a bat get into your belfry?"

"Not a bat, Lafe, for a fact!" cried Jack, laughing.

"I mean just what I say. We are invited to visit Canada on a hunting expedition."

"Who?"

"You, Tom, and myself."

"By whom?"

"By my uncle, Mr. Denton."

Lafe sat down again, cracked himself on the head several times with his knuckles, then stared and blinked most ludicrously at Jack's smiling face for several seconds.

"I s'pose I'll wake up in a minute," said he. "Was it Canada you said, and moose hunting, and—say, Jack, just give me one on the point of the chin, or a good, stiff jab in the solar-plexus region. I want to know whether this is real, or only a pipe-dream, from which I'm to have a horrible awakening."

Jack Lightfoot laughed, now turning to greet Lafe's parents, who had overheard and were entering the room, and he then proceeded to state more calmly the nature of the invitation the three boys had received, and the object of his hurried visit to Lafe's home.

No great amount of persuasion was required to obtain the sanction of Lafe's parents, moreover, and it no sooner was insured them than both boys started out to find Jack's cousin, and convey the joyous news to him also.

That Tom Lightfoot was equally surprised and delighted goes without saying, and within half-an-hour after the project was suggested by Mr. Denton all three boys, precisely as Mrs. Lightfoot had predicted, were heading for Jack's home, to discuss the matter with his parents and uncle.

"Gee! I think I'll have to be held down," Lafe kept repeating, so exuberant was his enthusiasm. "I feel lighter'n any balloon."

"Have you had your supper?" chuckled Tom.

"Sure, I've had my supper. A corker, too! But you don't seem to get next to what this outing means, Tom. Just think of plugging a big bull moose at a hundred yards or more, and——"

"Oh, I'm wise to it all, Lafe!" laughed Tom.

"Jiminy crickets! what a shift," Lafe rattled on. "From the tropical heat of Florida, where we were slaying coons and wildcats last week, to the trackless Canadian wilderness of snow and ice. Zip we go! All I can think of is traveling like a telegram! Howling mackerels, I can't seem to get it out of my head that I'm not dreaming."

"You're awake, all right!" laughed Jack, giving him a friendly prod in the ribs. "There's no doubt about that, Lafe."

"But I'll never believe that we're going after that big game till we're fairly started," insisted Lafe. "It seems altogether too good to be true."

"We'll go, all right, Lafe, have no fear about that," replied Jack. "Uncle Joe appears anxious enough to have us, and he'll give us a racket long to be remembered."

"Does he own a hunting-camp?"

"He has an interest in two, I believe."

"Two of 'em, eh?" gurgled Lafe, too tickled to be serious. "The next thing I know, I shall be rubbing my Aladdin's ring and seeing a whole herd of moose in yonder road! Two of 'em, eh?"

"What Uncle Joe doesn't know about moose hunting, Lafe, isn't worth knowing," continued Jack. "We'll nail him this very night, and get all the particulars——"

"And thank him, too," put in Tom.

"Thank him!" cried Lafe. "How in thunder am I going to thank him? I haven't got any words to tell him how I feel. I can say, thank you, Mr. Denton, sure I can. But, howling mackerels, that's about like giving a man a cent when you owe him a million!"

Jack Lightfoot laughed, and shook his head.

"You'll not have to try to tell Uncle Joe about that, Lafe," said he, as he approached the house. "He is keen enough to see just how we feel, and he's not the kind who wants much display of gratitude."

"That he isn't," declared Tom, with emphasis. "He's as white as milk all through."

"You've met him, Lafe, and one always finds him the same, as genial and hearty as they make 'em," added Jack. "Now we'll get all of the points we require, and to-morrow we'll get our traps together with a hustle."

They had reached the house, and Jack admitted his companions and conducted them to the sitting-room.

Mr. Denton gave one of his deep, resonant laughs when he saw them with their flushed cheeks and glowing eyes; for, as Jack had said, he read there far more than could have been expressed in words.

"We've been waiting for you, Jack," he cried. "Your mother said it wouldn't be long before all three of you showed up, bringing with you the necessary parental sanctions."

"That's right, sir," said Jack. "We're all going."

"Bully boys, all of you! Sit down, and we'll talk it over."

Some little time was spent in discussing the details of the great hunting trip, the hour of departure agreed upon, and the ways and means talked over; and Jack, who wanted such information as would enable them to properly prepare themselves, then asked about their equipment.

"Equipment, eh?" smiled Uncle Joe. "Well, it'll not be much like what you required down in Florida."

"I'm aware that it will not resemble our Florida outfit," said Jack, "but there probably are a number of articles that we shall need to get, and you are just the man to enlighten us as to a hunting outfit."

Mr. Denton laughed, and settled himself back in his chair.

"Well," said he, "a hunter must go into the wilderness properly clothed and fully accoutered, for he will be miles from any supply store when he arrives at the haunts of the big game."

"I can imagine so," nodded Jack.

"And it is much safer to have too many clothes than too few, for a surplus can easily be laid aside, while a lack cannot be so readily remedied."

"That's right, too, sir."

"Furthermore, you may cut out the so-called hunting costumes that are quite generally advertised by sporting houses, for most of them are no good," laughed Uncle Joe.

"Why is that?" inquired Jack.

"Because many of them are made of fabric entirely unsuitable for still hunting, especially moose hunting," explained Mr. Denton. "Duck and canvas are much too noisy. Corduroy, though frequently worn by the novice, is seldom used by guides or experienced hunters. It not only is heavy, but it easily wets through, also, and is noisier than woolen garments."

"It is quite important to start right, I think," laughed Jack.

"Decidedly important," bowed Mr. Denton. "What

you require, boys, are thick coats and trousers of soft woolen texture and a brown color, a sweater or two, some flannel shirts, woolen socks and underwear, also leggings of the same, a warm woolen cap or a tugue, a pair of good overshoes, and oil-tanned moccasins. Some of these articles I shall provide you with, as you probably could not obtain them here in Cranford."

"Shall we carry rubber boots?" asked Lafe innocently.

"No, they have no place in a moose hunter's outfit," laughed Mr. Denton. "Moccasins and leggings are much better, for they can be made almost impervious to wet and cold, and they present no surface for twigs to strike noisily against, and possibly startle the game. No, Lafe, no rubber boots."

"I see the point, sir."

"Another thing," added Mr. Denton. "A hunter must plan his outfit so as to save all he can in weight and bulk. Luggage frequently has to be carried a long distance, and the less one has the better."

"What about our weapons?" inquired Jack.

"You are going after big game, Jack, and will need a good rifle."

"We each have a Winchester repeater."

"That's good enough for anybody. Don't bother to take a shotgun, however, for, while there would be opportunities enough to use one, we shall confine ourselves to trying to close in with larger quarry."

"I shall take my revolver, I think," said Jack.

"Do so if you wish, yet one is seldom used," laughed Mr. Denton. "A good hunting-knife, however, is very essential. The best kind has a strong blade about eight inches long, with a stiff back, and is thick nearly to the point. I will get those for you up my way."

"Anything more, sir?" inquired Tom.

"Not that I think of at present. To-morrow we will make up a list and get our traps together. If you were going alone I should tell you to pack a pair of field-glasses, also, which are valuable for sighting moose across a lake, or over burned ground, or in localities where the animal's color makes him difficult to discern."

"There appears to be a good deal to it, Lafe, eh?" laughed Jack Lightfoot, with a glance at the former's interested countenance.

"Heaps!" exclaimed Lafe tersely.

"You as yet have heard only the alphabet, boys," cried Mr. Denton, now rising with a jolly laugh.

"Gee! is that so, sir? When will——"

"Enough for to-night, however. To-morrow we will complete our arrangements and get the traps to-

gether. And then—ho! for Canada, for the hunter's camp, the trackless wilderness, and the haunts of the giant moose!"

CHAPTER III.

IN THE WILDERNESS.

"Geel but this is great!"

"Greater than great!"

"Never anything like it!"

These were the several exclamations of the Cranford boys, repeated again and again, one morning nearly a week after their leaving home, and when they were well away on their expedition into the great Canadian wilderness.

Wedge into a huge pung sleigh, for there was snow on the ground, they were then upward of thirty miles north of the town in which Mr. Denton's home was located, from which they had started bright and early that morning.

A pair of powerful horses had whisked them on at a rapid clip, until the last sign of human habitations had been left behind, and they were fairly upon the outskirts of the wilds for which they were heading.

It had seemed cold in the early morning, but as the day advanced and the sun rose higher the chill was entirely dispelled from the air, until extra garments became fairly uncomfortable.

In the body of the pung were stowed the traps and luggage which were to be needed later, yet the load appeared to be nothing for the tireless, steaming horses that were whisking them on their way.

Naturally enough the novelty of the scenes through which they were passing brought from the boys repeated expressions of delight, for, while the scenery of much of Canada can hardly be called grand or magnificent, yet there is a weird and desolate beauty about her lonely barrens, a melancholy loveliness about the silent woods, and glades, and numerous lakes and streams, and a stern stateliness to the vast forests when winter has clothed the landscape with its garb of glistening white, that are found in but few lands.

"You fancy it, do you?" said Uncle Joe, who was driving the steaming horses.

"That doesn't half express it," Jack declared.

"Nor does this half come up to the wilderness into which we are bound," smiled their host. "This is quite civilized in a way, boys, for there has been lots of lumber cut out of the section through which we have passed. Wait till we get above Henley's, and you'll then begin to enter the wilds."

"Is Henley's a town?" inquired Lafe.

"A town of one log cabin," laughed Mr. Denton.

"Only one?"

"That's all, Lafe. It is, in fact, only a sort of trading outpost, occupied during the hunting season. It is owned by two brothers named Henley, who do considerable trading with the Indians from up North, who bring down furs to barter."

"Oh, I see!"

"We shall reach there soon after noon, and then our part of the hard work will begin."

"How is that, sir?"

"No more horses," laughed Uncle Joe. "We then must become our own porters."

"Are you going to leave the team at Henley's?"

"Certainly, until we are returning home. I am well acquainted with them, and I always leave my team in their care when going up to camp."

"How much farther is the camp?" inquired Jack.

"I have an interest in two," was the reply. "The nearer, to which we shall go first, is upward of sixteen miles above Henley's. If we find no moose tracks after a stop at the lower camp, we shall go on to the other, which is ten miles or more above."

"Jiminy!" exclaimed Lafe, laughing. "Can we trudge sixteen miles to the lower camp this afternoon?"

"We shall not try to do so," smiled Mr. Denton. "We shall make a lean-to about half-way and remain till morning."

"What is a lean-to?"

"Only a temporary camp. You will see the significance of the name after you see the camp itself. We'll slap it together in no time, boys, when we get at it."

"You will have to give us all of the points," said Jack; "if you expect any help from us."

"I will do so, Jack, though I shall have all the help I require in Musgrave."

"Musgrave?"

"Our Indian guide."

"Gee whiz! then we're to have an Indian guide, are we?" cried Lafe, with eager inquiry.

"An Indian guide is one of the prime essentials to successful moose hunting, Lafe," laughed Mr. Denton. "There are no moose hunters like these Indians. They can give a white man aces and spades."

"I have heard so," said Jack.

"I sent word up to Musgrave some days ago," added Denton; "and we shall find him waiting for us at Henley's. He is one of the best in the business."

"I hope he won't disappoint us," remarked Lafe, with a momentary apprehension stealing into his eyes.

"Disappoint us in what way?"

"By not being at Henley's, sir."

"Oh, he'll be there all right," laughed Mr. Denton, whipping up the horses. "He banks on what I say, does Musgrave, and if I was as sure of striking moose as easily as we shall find him, our hunting expedition would be what you boys from the States would call a cinch."

"That's assurance enough, Uncle Joe," laughed Jack. "Musgrave will be there all right."

"Ah! and there's the smoke from Henley's already."

"Smoke!" echoed Lafe, gazing. "I don't see any smoke."

Mr. Denton laughed and pointed.

"Yonder," said he. "Can't you see that fine bluish streak mounting straight up against the deeper blue of the sky? That's smoke, Lafe."

So it was, yet only the experienced eye would have noticed it—a fine, shadowy line against the sky, far away over a break in the woods through which they then were speeding.

"I should hardly think it would rise as direct as that," remarked Jack.

"It's owing to the dead calm in the forest just now," explained Denton. "We've had quite a long spell of unusually soft weather for this section. I see that many of the lakes and streams are partly open, and the snow is wasted in places."

"Will that interfere with the moose hunting?" asked Lafe, always with an eye to big game.

"No, not in the least. Besides, we shall get plenty of snow before we return, Lafe, and then the snowshoes I have provided will be in order. Don't be alarmed, boys, you'll get all the sport you wish, long before you see a kitchen stove again or sleep on a feather pillow."

"Do we turn here?"

"Yes."

Mr. Denton had drawn off to a rough logging road making to the northwest through the broken forest, and after a drive of half-a-mile a ridge was mounted which gave the boys a view of the valley beyond.

In a bit of a clearing still some distance away, like a nest in the heart of a vast landscape of deepest green, could be seen the log cabin of the Henleys, with a stable and some outbuildings at the rear.

"That's where we quit the trolley car," laughed Uncle Joe. "Hang on, boys, while I give the pair the

ribbons, and we'll wind up our morning ride at a canter."

The horses appeared to know that they had reached the end of their long jaunt, and they needed no urging.

Down the long declivity they tore on a dead run, the swaying pung at times threatening to upset the boys, and leave them behind in the yielding snow.

A short three minutes, however, brought all hands into the clearing at Henley's, where the willing horses came to a sudden halt, steaming like a Christmas pudding just from the pot.

Here two middle-aged men were waiting to greet Mr. Denton, the cordiality of whom bespoke their friendship for him; while out of the cabin there immediately appeared a third man—a tall, powerful fellow of forty, clad in a hunter's garb, and whose strong, angular features and piercing eyes at once proclaimed him to be an Indian.

"Ah! Jim, how are you? Hello, Bill," was Denton's greeting as he sprang down and shook hands with the Henleys. "Ah! and here's Musgrave, too. Tip us your flipper, you lank old staghound. I'm glad to see you, Musgrave."

A grin of surpassing delight broke the stoical countenance of the Indian, as he wrung Denton's extended hand.

"Heap glad me, too, Joe," said he familiarly, with a wonderfully soft voice for a man standing six foot three. "Much long time since——"

"Since we parted last hunting season," interrupted Denton, laughing and clapping the guide on the back. "Well, well, we're here for good two weeks this time, Musgrave, and here are some young friends who are to share our camp and our sports. Come here, boys, and shake hands with the likeliest guide in the Canada wilds."

The invitation did not have to be repeated, and the Cranford boys found as much delight in meeting this simple wiseacre of the forest as he, if one were to judge from his broad smile and hearty grip, found in making their acquaintance.

Introductions to the Henleys then followed, and the latter next hastened to unharness the horses and get them under cover.

"Any strangers here, Jim?" asked Denton, as the animals were being led away.

"Not just now, Joe," replied Henley. "A party left for home yesterday after fair sport, but the place is all yours now, if you want it."

"Only long enough to throw a good dinner into our—"

selves," laughed Denton. "We're bound for my lower camp."

"Off to-day?"

"Within an hour, Jim."

"We'll have you ready all right," nodded Henley. "Sorry you can't hang up here longer, but we'll have you ready."

"Good enough. How's the going north, Musgrave? Some soft, isn't it?"

"Heap nasty bad in places," grinned Musgrave. "Come down in canoe this time."

"Hoop-la! is that so" cried Denton. "So there's a watercourse open through the lake, is there?"

"Some open. Nuff to come in canoe."

"Bully! That'll save us a heap of lugging."

"Yes, much better."

"Had your chuck?" demanded Denton, meaning the other's dinner.

"All filled full, Joe," nodded Musgrave, with a glance at the laden pung. "Me get traps out while you load boy friends."

"That's the stuff, Musgrave," was the hearty rejoinder. "We'll be less than a half-hour, and then we'll make a break for the long pine ridge, and throw up a lean-to till to-morrow. Come on, boys. We shall find a steaming dinner awaiting us."

Though all responded readily, Lafe displayed an alacrity that bespoke an empty stomach, and it brought a laugh from all hands as they trooped into the cabin.

The boys surveyed the interior with exceeding interest, its primitive furnishings, the broad fireplace, the thousand and one novelties it presented; but the chief feature of interest for all was the bountiful dinner already provided, as Mr. Denton had predicted.

"No style, boys, but plenty of grub—that's camp life," he cried, as he signed them seats at the bare deal table.

"And that's the life for me, sir," declared Lafe, with eyes and nostrils doing good work just at that moment. "Not much nigger, but plenty of the real goods is what I like. Gee! but this smells good."

"It will taste even better, Lafe."

"What the dickens is that, sir?"

"Caribou steak, my lad," said Bill Henley, who was dishing up the viands. "Never ate a caribou steak, eh?"

"No, sir, but I'll make this one look awfully tired," chuckled Lafe, as he started in on the juicy venison and vegetables.

"You'll find it all right," laughed Henley; "and there's plenty more where that came from."

"Gee! but it's great. I'll bet I'll take on twenty pounds while I'm up this way."

"I hardly see where you can put it, Lafe, but I suppose you'll find a place," laughed Jack.

"You bet I will."

"This is pretty rich fodder, for a fact," added Jack approvingly. "I hope, Uncle Joe, that we shall get a crack at some caribou deer."

"You shall have a crack at everything there is going, Jack, make no mistake about that," replied Mr. Denton. "Wade through this layout, boys, and we'll be off for the long pine ridge as soon as you are filled."

"Where is that, sir?"

"Nine miles above here, where there's a portage to the next lake, at the head of which my lower camp is located."

"We are to stop at the long pine ridge, then?"

"Only to-night, Jack. In the morning we'll be off for the camp."

"Did Musgrave say he had a canoe with him?" asked Lafe.

"That's what, Lafe, and we're to go to the ridge in it. That will make easy going, boys, and save lugging our traps. We have half-a-mile to carry them; however, before we reach the lower lake. It's lucky for us the water way is open."

Thus, a running train of talk was maintained during the meal, which was disposed of in quite short order, after which Denton arranged for the care of the team during his absence.

Then he led the boys out to the pung from which Musgrave had removed most of the luggage, and was nearly ready to start for the lake where he had left his canoe.

The traps were divided at fair proportions for transportation, and a portage-strap was provided for each of the boys, with instructions how to use it.

This portage-strap is made of long strips of stout cloth or webbing, with about two feet of broad, soft leather in the middle. A folded blanket is laid upon the ground, and the portage-strap is so placed that the edges of the blanket may be properly drawn over either portion of the strap, after such articles as are to be carried are placed in the center. Then the blanket is doubled over them, and the ends of the strap so brought together that nothing can fall out.

A compact bundle thus is made, leaving the leather portion of the strap in the form of a large loop. This is passed over the head and shoulders, the loop crossing the chest, which supports most of the weight. When the bundle is very heavy, however, an addi-

tional band may be passed across the forehead, thus bringing the weight to bear in two places.

"Sometimes it is called a tump-line, but a portage-strap is the best name for it," explained Uncle Joe, while the interested boys stood watching the preparations for their march through the woods.

"I can see that it enables one to carry quite a load," remarked Jack.

"Load—I should say so," laughed Mr. Denton. "Eighty pounds is an average package, but Musgrave there will lug twice that weight hour after hour, without once dropping it."

"I can imagine he might," smiled Jack, glancing at the stalwart Indian.

"Heap tired some time, jest same," grinned Musgrave, with a curious wagging of his head.

The several packs were speedily prepared for transportation, leaving only the empty pung behind, and the tramp through the forest was begun, Musgrave leading the way and the others following in single file.

A trudge of half-a-mile through the damp snow, and over ground that was exceedingly rough in places, brought the party to the shore of a narrow strip of water making away to the north. In many places along the edges snow-covered ice could be seen, but the gleam of clear water in the middle, and a birch canoe turned upside down on the shore, were sufficient evidence that a watercourse was open for them.

"We are dead lucky in finding it so," said Mr. Denton, as he dropped his pack to the ground. "It's all owing to the unseasonably warm weather we have. How is the upper lake, Musgrave?"

"Jest same, Joe," said the guide, with habitual terseness.

"Gee! but it's great, this going in a canoe," said Lafe, at Jack Lightfoot's elbow. "We'll show this guide that we are no lunkheads when it comes to handling a paddle. I'm glad, now, that we made our canoe trip."

"Yes, so am I," nodded Jack. "Want any help, Musgrave?"

The guide laughed as Jack sprang forward to assist him in launching the canoe and getting the luggage aboard.

"Me do best lone," he cried, as he raised the frail craft, and, with a quick twist of his wrists and body, placed her into the water.

"I guess that's right, Musgrave," cried Jack, joining in his laugh.

"Me best stow stuff. Know jest how."

"You're all right, Musgrave," declared Lafe, in ban-

tering tones. "The more I see you the better I like you."

"Heap much glad," grinned the guide. "Me show you everything, all you like to know."

"Bully for you! But we'll take a hand, Musgrave, any time you get tired of paddling."

"Me no get tired paddling," said the Indian, with a shake of his head. "Paddling all play like."

"So you boys can handle a paddle, eh?" said Denton inquiringly.

"We are pretty fair at it, Uncle Joe," replied Jack. "We Cranford boys make it a point to be up in all sports, and to excel in most of them."

"I guess that's right, Jack, from what your father told me."

"Possibly Musgrave will allow us the use of his canoe, if we will be careful of her."

"I reckon so, Jack."

"Much glad," said the guide, who had overheard while he was stowing the luggage aboard.

In the course of ten minutes the canoe was ready for her passengers, and no time was lost in getting away. Musgrave placed all hands to the best advantage, and, though the craft, which was of unusual dimensions, was heavily laden, the stalwart guide fairly lifted her from the water with his powerful sweeps of the paddle as he sent her from the shore.

It was a memorable cruise for the Cranford boys up that narrow inland lake. The snow-clad shores, the surrounding hills, the solitude and silence of the vast forest, through the majestic vistas of which were shed like beams of golden light the yellow rays of the declining sun—all presented to their interested gaze a changing picture long to be remembered.

CHAPTER IV.

SOMETHING ABOUT MOOSE HUNTING.

It was nearly four in the afternoon when Mr. Denton announced that they were nearing the end of their canoe trip, which he admitted he had never indulged in before at this time of the winter.

"That's the long pine ridge, boys, yonder," said he.

In the direction indicated, making off to the east, was a long rise of wooded hills, rendered apparently double their altitude by the towering pines with which they were crowned, presenting against the azure of the sky the aspect of a tremendous dark-green battlement.

"I see from what it derives its name, Uncle Joe," cried Jack, with some enthusiasm. "It's a magnificent picture of forest solitude and sublimity."

"Yes, so it is, Jack," nodded his uncle. "There is a portage here of half-a-mile, by which we reach the upper lake."

"Over the ridge?"

"Over one end of it," said Mr. Denton. "It breaks here, and the country off to the west lies lower. We shall make a lean-to for to-night under this nearest hill."

"As that Southern chap we met, John Macklin, would put it, I'm right curious to see what a lean-to is like," laughed Lafe.

"You'll not only see, Lafe, but you shall help construct it," smiled Uncle Jack. "Now steady, boys. Musgrave is about to make a landing."

The guide's method was simplicity itself. He ran the canoe into the shallow water, into which he quickly stepped and then lifted the others ashore to save them a needless wetting. This done, and the luggage removed, he grabbed the big canoe by the middle thwart with both hands, and, with a quick twist of his brawny wrists, he turned it upside down and laid it gently on the ground.

"Every man to his trade," said Uncle Joe, with a laugh. "Now, boys, for the lean-to."

"Now we are getting there," cried Lafe, with lively interest.

As a matter of fact, however, the boys did but little toward constructing this temporary camp. Musgrave went at it with a celerity that left them but few opportunities, and with a skill that showed him to be a master of woodcraft.

With an ax he first cut two poles of about equal length, some twelve feet, each having a fork at the smaller end.

"Which way are you going to face it, Musgrave?" asked Mr. Denton. "Can you tell where to look for the wind? It's still enough now, no mistake."

The Indian stood motionless for a moment, then spat on the palm of one hand and turned in various directions, and finally sniffed a series of short breaths in the same way.

"Much still now," he said tersely. "Wind come north before morning."

"Then you must front her south."

"Me know, Joe."

"I'll bet you do," laughed Denton.

"Why these considerations about the wind, Uncle Joe?" inquired Jack.

"Because, in one sense, we are to sleep all out of doors," replied his uncle. "As you presently will see, a lean-to is open in front to admit the heat from our

fire. Naturally, then, we must have the opening face in the opposite direction from the wind, that rain or snow, if we should have any, may not blow in upon us."

"Ah! I see."

"Gee, but that's simple, isn't it?" grinned Lafe. "Now Musgrave is going at it."

The guide had struck his two long poles into the ground some twelve feet apart, slanting them slightly backward. Next he cut a third, a little lighter than the others, and this he secured from fork to fork of the two uprights.

"That's to be the frame of the structure," explained Uncle Joe. "Now we must lean numerous poles and fir branches against the horizontal pole, till we have a backing made that will keep out wind and weather."

"That's plain," nodded Jack.

"That is why it's called a lean-to," said Denton. "A backing of fir boughs and birch bark, with a top and sides built in like manner, forms a capital shelter, a sort of an open room, in which we can defy any ordinary weather."

"I should think it would be too cold to sleep in," observed Tom.

"You'll never know it's cold after we get a rousing fire going about ten feet from the opening," laughed Mr. Denton. "We can heat the lean-to so hot that you would sleep comfortably if the mercury was forty below."

"I get wiser every day, Musgrave," grinned Lafe who was watching the Indian cut and tear, with extraordinary rapidity, the huge strips of bark from several birch trees. "I wonder how my head holds all I'm getting into it."

"Heap much to know in world," replied the guide.

"That's right, old chap," laughed Lafe. "What do we sleep on—the ground?"

"No. Clear snow out. Sleep on fir boughs. Heap good bed."

"Truer words never were spoken, Lafe," put in Uncle Joe. "When the ground is thickly strewn with the small tops of the fir trees or hemlock brouse to the depth of about a foot, you'll have a bed that a king might envy. It lies soft, and smells sweeter than roses."

"Is that so, sir?"

"If you are ever hit with consumption, Lafe, come up here and live six months in a lean-to, and sleep on the balsam firs, and it will knock all of the consumption out of you."

"Consumption of food, Uncle Joe, is Lafe's only

trouble in that line," cried Tom Lightfoot, with a wink at Jack.

"You get out!" growled Lafe. "What hit your funny-bone? I don't eat any more than the rest of you, when you take in my extra size."

"Jiminy!" laughed Jack. "On that basis, Lafe, you should be a giant."

"Never you mind," grinned Lafe. "I've got a good reliable old stomach, and I'm proud of it."

"You have a right to be," chuckled Tom.

There was no sting to any of these remarks, however, and the boys continued to watch with interest the construction of the lean-to.

In less than half-an-hour it was built, the ground within carefully cleared, the fir boughs laid for sleeping, and all the arrangements made for preparing supper.

In a short time a roaring fire was blazing in the foreground, with chunks of fresh venison, brought from Henley's, sizzling on pointed sticks thrust into the ground near-by, making the most savory roast that man ever set his teeth through.

It came dark before the meal was prepared, and the glow from the blazing logs added to the splendid wildness of the scene, shedding a ruddy light in a great circle over the snow-clad earth, and lending weird and solemn grandeur to the stately pines which stood like tall, mute sentinels about this simple camp.

Once, after supper was ended and the two men had lighted their pipes, the melancholy, far-away howling of some animal was heard, and Jack turned quickly to the Indian.

"What was that, Musgrave?" he asked, with a sportsman's eager interest.

"Him wolf," said the guide. "All lone by sound."

"Are there many wolves about here?"

The Indian made a curious reply.

"Some time few, some time more, some time not so many," said he. "Heap more up North some."

"Got it all, Jack?" laughed Mr. Denton, through a wreath of smoke.

"I guess I tumble to his meaning," smiled Jack.

"Where are the moose?" inquired Lafe, who was stretched in luxurious ease on the fir boughs.

"By the way, Musgrave, have you seen any moose tracks?" added Mr. Denton.

"Not seen any this way, Joe. Seen some near upper camp."

"How are we to go at the critters?" demanded Lafe. "I've heard that they are right shy of hunters."

"Give us a few points about moose hunting, Uncle

Joe, will you?" said Jack, drawing nearer. "They may come in handy for us a little later."

"Why, sure!" exclaimed their host. "I'll tell you some facts, and if I make any mistakes Musgrave can correct me."

"Me no tell you much 'bout moose, Joe," grinned the guide. "You old hand at game."

"Cut loose, Uncle Joe," laughed Jack. "We are all ears."

"Well, boys, there are three chief methods of hunting the moose," began Mr. Denton. "They are termed still hunting, fire hunting, and moose calling. There is still another mode of slaying moose, which is not so sportsman-like, and that is by tracking them down in the deep snow through which they can't escape, running them to a standstill on snow-shoes, and then either shooting them in cold blood or knocking them on the head, when they are practically helpless. I don't much fancy that business, and I seldom indulge in it."

"It does appear rather cruel," admitted Jack. "Explain moose calling for us, Uncle Joe."

"That method is adopted in the rutting season, when the animals are seeking mates," explained Mr. Denton. "It now is too late to hunt them in that way. At that time the cow moose has a peculiar call, by which she aims to attract a mate, upon hearing which the bull moose answers with a cry of his own and comes in search of her."

"And the hunters imitate the call of the cow moose, I suppose, in order to draw the bull moose into an ambush, or within rifle range."

"Exactly," nodded Mr. Denton. "It is very delicate work, however, so don't imagine it can be easily done. The moose has an ear as keen as a razor, a scent as sharp as a needle, and by nature is suspicious in the superlative degree. Frequently the call imitates the defiant note of a bull, and any other fighter hearing it, eager to accept the challenge, rushes to his death."

"The moose appears to have all the instincts of a detective," remarked Tom, with a philosophical turn of mind.

"That's precisely what he has," nodded Mr. Denton; "and is quicker than any cat to take alarm."

"Go on, Uncle Joe."

"Very few white men ever attain the marvelous success of the Indian in the art of moose calling," continued their host. "The finely modulated voice of the Indian is particularly adapted to that kind of hunting. Musgrave, here, with a trumpet which he makes out of birch bark, can perfectly imitate the curious,

plaintive low of the cow moose and the harsh, responsive bellow of the bull."

"We'll expect to have him do this for us, even if we can't do any hunting by this method," said Jack, with a glance at the Indian.

Musgrave responded only with an affirmative nod, too wrapt in his pipe to reply verbally.

"Oh, he will show you how it is done, Jack, and explain the whole business to you."

"And very possibly he will succeed in calling up a big bull moose all by accident," grinned Lafe, rising to his elbow. "In that case, Mr. Denton, I'll be ready to plunk a couple of ounces of lead between his eyes."

The Canadian laughed quietly and shook his head.

"You do not know the habits of the moose, Lafe," said he. "There is no probability of what you suggest. If Musgrave should call up a bull moose at this time, it would be the first case on record."

"Ugh!" grunted the Indian suddenly.

"What's the matter with you, Musgrave?"

"You are wrong, Joe."

"What's that? Do you mean, Musgrave, that you have ever summoned a bull moose by calling at this time of year?"

"Some time, Joe, not often," replied the Indian, "All chance. Mebbe bull moose lose mate, Joe, then mebbe he answer call to see what it all about. Only happen when bull moose lone. Me done so once. Never more."

"Ah! I see what he means," laughed Uncle Joe, at first a little chagrined at being caught in an error.

"Tell us," suggested Jack.

"Well, it might be that a cow moose, having a mate, had been killed by hunters, leaving the bull moose alone in the world, so to speak. In that case, hearing a call even at this time of year might lead the bull to respond to it."

"I see," nodded Jack.

"It would be chiefly the impulse of curiosity, however, aroused by a feeling of loneliness and a desire to find another mate," added Mr. Denton, with a shake of his head. "The bull moose, boys, is a fellow of many fancies, affection, jealousy, suspicion, and many more. I hardly think we shall strike a moose in the way Lafe suggested."

"Probably not, Uncle Joe."

"It is that same element of curiosity that we depend upon in fire hunting," he went on.

"How is that done?"

"When hunting by that method a bright light is exhibited by night in places known to be frequented by

the moose, usually made by burning a pine torch, or bunches of dry birch bark."

"I suppose that is done to attract the animal, isn't it?" asked Jack.

"Certainly," nodded Uncle Joe. "The light appears to fascinate the animal, in a way, and after a time his curiosity will impel him to draw nearer, until he comes within rifle range and pays the price for being too inquisitive."

"Inquisitive, eh?" laughed Jack, with a wink at Tom. "I hope you are not knocking us, Uncle Joe, for asking so many questions."

"Very far from it, Jack, I assure you," smiled the other. "I enjoy telling you how the thing is done, and we'll try our hands at it later. Sometimes we show a torch at the bow of a canoe, to lure a moose into the lake and shoot him in the water, but that is quite a hazardous way of hunting them."

"Why so?"

"Because a moose can swim fast, and is a wicked fellow when wounded. If the first shot fails to kill him, and you then try to get the best of him from a canoe, he may make rough sledding for you in case he is very near your craft. I have known one to put up the ugliest kind of a fight under such conditions, and rip a canoe to atoms with his horns."

"A hunter would be lucky to get away with his own life in that situation, wouldn't he?"

"Well, rather," drawled Uncle Joe, with dry significance.

"What method of hunting are we to adopt?" asked Tom, with an eye to the future.

"What is commonly called still-hunting."

"How do you get at that?"

"That really is the most sportsman-like way, and certainly insures the most fun and excitement," replied Mr. Denton. "It consists of finding moose tracks and hunting down the location of the moose himself. If one can be discovered, and the hunter keeps to the leeward of him, and moves so silently that he is not heard, he may get within range and kill his quarry."

"Why to the leeward, Uncle Joe?"

"Because a moose would scent you very quickly if you were not down the wind from him, as the saying is," explained Mr. Denton.

"I begin to appreciate that it is pretty delicate work," laughed Jack, with a glance at Tom and Lafe. "On the level, Uncle Joe, I don't feel quite as sure of my first moose as I did."

His uncle laughed and arose to throw an additional log upon the blazing fire.

"You'll get one all right, Jack," he declared, as he returned and resumed his seat. "We'll not leave Canada until each of you boys has at least had the chance at one moose, I give you my word to that."

"And a few caribou deer, just for a side-dish," added Lafe complacently.

"You will find them much less difficult to kill," replied Mr. Denton. "While their scent is nearly as keen as that of the moose, their hearing is not quite as good, and I have often thought that they were somewhat near-sighted. You'll get many a crack at caribou, boys, I'm thinking."

So the talk went on with the passing of the evening hours, and their host now entertained them with several interesting stories of moose hunting; but along about nine o'clock Lafe Lampton was heard to snore loudly, and this was a signal for all hands to turn in.

CHAPTER V.

THE GREAT BARREN.

With the exception of the guide, Jack Lightfoot was the first to waken early the following morning. Upon opening his eyes he beheld Musgrave replenishing the logs on the fire, and making ready to prepare an early breakfast.

The astonishing moderate weather still held, barely a skim of ice having formed over the clear water of the lake.

"Melt heap soon after sun get up," declared the Indian, with evident satisfaction. "Canoe go all right."

In less than half-an-hour breakfast was prepared, and eaten while the sun came rising red in the east, lending to the forest scene a loveliness by no means easily described.

"Still warm, eh?" laughed Uncle Joe, when he arose and shook himself. "Well, that hits us all right, Musgrave, and we'll make a portage the minute we've had a bite to eat."

Breakfast was no sooner ended than the packages were prepared as before, a good bit heavier this time, however, as the Indian had his canoe to transport. The boys watched him with considerable interest when he grasped it as before, and with a quick twist twirled it over his head and shoulders and started off through a vista of the forest, in a direction leading over the long pine ridge.

The lean-to was left standing, Uncle Joe declaring that it might be found handy on their return journey,

or possibly available to other hunters heading that way.

A walk of half-a-mile brought the party to the lower edge of the upper lake, from which the last sign of the skim of ice now had vanished under the warm rays of the higher sun, and the canoe was speedily laden and got under way as before.

This sheet of water proved broader than the other, steadily widening as they proceeded north, while the forests on either side plainly indicated that the ax of the lumberman had never yet encroached within its borders.

About ten o'clock the head of the lake was reached, when Mr. Denton pointed off to a small clearing on a rise of land above the upper shore, saying genially:

"There's our next stop, boys. We've reached the lower camp."

In the middle of the clearing was a rough log cabin of medium size, roofed with slabs of bark, and with all the wall chinks closely filled in against wind and weather. A smaller shack at one side was used for a storehouse, the boys were informed, while a landing just below the camp was being made.

It required until nearly noon to get all of the luggage ashore, and up to the cabin, as well as in the proper places, when dinner was the next thing in order. Not having been used since the previous hunting season, considerable repair work was necessary about the camp, upon which Uncle Joe and the guide began immediately after dinner.

In a way this left Jack Lightfoot and his companions idle, and the impatience of all three, now that they were fairly in the heart of the wilderness, was aptly expressed by Lafe Lampton in a whispered remark to Jack while the men were at work.

"Gee! but I'd like to get a crack at something with my rifle," said he. "I wonder if we couldn't go out and drop something juicy for supper."

"I've been nourishing the same idea, Lafe," nodded Jack, with a laugh. "I don't believe that Uncle Joe will object."

"Go ask him."

"Will Tom go with us?"

"Sure! He's just itching to go."

"I guess we may try it," said Jack, now hastening to make their wishes known.

"Start out after game, eh?" was Uncle Joe's response, with a jolly laugh. "Why, certainly you may, though I don't reckon you'll bring in any."

"Nevertheless, we should like to try," said Jack eagerly.

"Well, well, I'm perfectly willing," declared Mr. Denton heartily. "Only take care that you don't get lost."

"We'll look out for that, sir."

"Mebbe find caribou at big barren," Musgrave tersely remarked, looking up from his work.

"Have you seen signs of any, Musgrave?"

"No great, Joe. Not like to find some, yet might be at big barren."

Uncle Joe now turned to the three boys, who had hurried into the cabin and brought out their rifles. Leading them out to one side of the camp, he pointed off toward the west through the forest, saying in a way to impress the boys:

"The barren Musgrave refers to lies nearly a mile away in that direction. Now remember what I tell you, Jack, and be careful."

"Trust us for that, Uncle Joe."

"As the name implies, the barren is a great piece of open waste land in the forest, the true cause and formation of which is not absolutely known."

"That's odd."

"Sometimes they are marshy and so soft as to be impassable, particularly in this kind of weather, and if you were to get caught in a bog you might not be able to get out."

"We'll guard against that, sir."

"The barren mentioned by Musgrave, however, is mostly composed of quite solid peat, with a good deal of rough and tussocky ground, or I should not be willing to trust you there alone. If you run foul of any soft places, keep well away from them, that's all."

"We will avoid them, Uncle Joe, I promise you."

"Now one more thing," said the latter, drawing from his pocket what Jack at first thought was a small watch. "Do you understand how to travel by means of a compass?"

"Yes, indeed," laughed Jack. "We have done cruising enough for that."

"Very good," nodded Denton. "Here is a pocket compass for you, with which there should be no danger of your getting lost. You must go due west from here to reach the barren——"

"And return due east to reach the lake," put in Jack readily. "Once we sight that, Uncle Joe, we can easily find the camp."

"Right you are, then, for you seem to know," laughed Mr. Denton, handing Jack the compass. "Now be off with you, and make sure you show up here again before dark, or there'll be trouble in camp."

"We'll do that, never fear," cried Jack. "Come on, boys!"

No sooner were they out of the camp, however, than Jack halted and had a look at the pocket compass.

"I'm going to be dead sure of our course, boys, both going and coming," said he. "This is too wild a country for one to take very long chances of getting lost."

"I should say so," assented Tom.

"Due west, Jack, that's what he said," cried Lafe impatiently. "That's yonder, and any blooming jay could head east when bound for home."

"Yet we might wander to the north, Lafe, and pass both the camp and lake when returning," argued Jack. "I'm bound to be discreet, at least, or we might never see Cranford again."

"Gee, wouldn't they miss us!"

"Now come on. I've got it down fine."

"You think this direction will take us straight to the barren, eh?" grinned Lafe, as they plunged into the woods.

"I'll wager is does, if I am rightly informed. A curious place, one of these barrens, according to Uncle Joe's tell."

"I can add a little to what he told you," remarked Tom, in his quiet fashion.

"I'll bet you can, old bookworm," laughed Lafe. "What do you know about them?"

"They are found in many places, and some of considerable extent, in Newfoundland and Nova Scotia," said Tom. "Their origin has been the subject of much discussion. Some scientists claim that they originally were lakes, from which the water has either dried away or been dispersed by other natural causes."

"That would explain the boggy character of some of them," put in Jack.

"Exactly," nodded Tom. "Furthermore, in support of this theory the surrounding country has the same appearance and contour as that seen about a lake, the sloping land, and the numerous indentations in the shore. In addition, there are often found in these barrens some elevated sections, sometimes covered with trees and bushes, exactly as if the barren once had been a lake with an island in it. It strikes me that this is pretty nearly the explanation of them."

"It certainly appears reasonable," assented Jack.

"The caribou frequently seek these barrens in search of lichen and mosses, on which they feed," added Tom. "That's probably why Musgrave said we might discover some in the locality suggested."

The last had barely been said when they heard an

exclamation from Lafe, who had impatiently forged some distance ahead, and now they saw him rush off to the right some twenty yards and stoop to examine something on the ground.

"Jiminy crickets! I'll bet these are moose tracks," he cried, as Jack and Tom rushed to see what he had found.

The latter quickly shook his head, however.

"They are too small for moose tracks, Lafe," said he.

"Then they must be deer tracks."

"That may be," admitted Tom. "They do look, for a fact, as if a herd of deer had traveled this way."

"The toe of the hoofs all point nearly in the direction we were going," cried Lafe excitedly. "Let's follow them, Jack. We might run them down."

"But we might follow them to Hudson's Bay without overtaking them, Lafe," Jack dryly rejoined. "I think we had better keep headed for the barren, just as Musgrave advised, than take chances by following these tracks."

"Never venture, Jack, never have," growled Lafe, a bit disappointed. "I'm not kicking, however, though these tracks look mighty fresh to me, and we might nail a deer by trying it."

"We may get one at the barren," argued Jack, shaking his head. "You know how Uncle Joe would feel, Lafe, if we failed to show up after dark."

"That's right, Lafe," added Tom approvingly. "Besides, it strikes me that the barren may be a large one, and that these deer possibly were heading for some part of it. In that case we may find them there and sight them, if careful, before they are alarmed."

"Eureka! there's something in that, Tom," cried Jack. "Follow me, boys, and we will resume our course. We know, at least, that it will take us to the barren."

Almost anything suited Lafe, providing it offered something exciting ahead, even if only visionary, and he now yielded gracefully when Jack started off at a brisk dog-trot on the course from which they had briefly turned.

If Musgrave had been with them, however, he could have told them more about these tracks upon which the boys by chance had stumbled. He would have told them that a herd of caribou, numbering at least a dozen, and including three bucks, had come down from the northeast and were heading for the upper part of the great barren, probably a frequent haunt, bent upon seeking for food the mosses and lichens which might

be exposed by the melting of the snow during the recent soft weather.

This woodcraft is acquired only by experience, however, though chance alone not unfrequently favors the novice.

A brisk trot of ten minutes under the towering pines and through scattered fir-trees brought Jack and his companions to the base of a long, gentle rise of land, even more thickly wooded than that already traversed, and here Jack briefly halted.

"We must have covered a mile from the camp, and Uncle Joe said that was about the distance to the barren," said he.

"That's what he said, Jack."

"Then it must lie beyond this long hill," argued Jack. "In that case, providing there is any game to be found there, we had better approach cautiously."

"That's the stuff," nodded Lafe.

"So we'll slow up till we reach the summit, when we may get the lay of the land."

"A good idea," said Tom. "You lead the way."

"Gee whiz! but it would be a corker on Uncle Joe if we could kill one caribou," chuckled Lafe. "He said he reckoned we wouldn't bring in anything."

"Hold your tongue now, Lafe, if you can," muttered Jack. "There may be something doing. Who knows?"

From this point not a word was spoken.

Quietly picking his course over the damp snow and around the thicker growth of fir-trees, Jack led the way up the long acclivity until a break just ahead told him that he was nearing the summit.

Then crouching lower with rifles trailing, the boys crept forward until they could part the branches and gaze into the valley just below.

The barren lay before them, there could be no doubt of that.

Stretching far away to the south was the vast track of nearly level waste land, broken only by a solitary elevation just opposite the boys, one of the probable ancient islands of which Tom Lightfoot had spoken.

Less than five hundred yards to the north, however, was the upper limit of the barren, about the same distance in width, with the rise of the wooded hills closing it in on all sides.

In a general way only were these features of the scene observed, however, for Lafe's eager gaze almost instantly fell upon something of infinitely greater importance.

"Gee! there they are! there they are!" he wildly

whispered, with eyes almost as big as saucers. "Jiminy crickets! howling mackerels! the whole herd!"

CHAPTER VI.

A CLOSE CALL.

Although Jack Lightfoot quickly checked him, there was a very good reason for Lafe's tremendous excitement.

Near the upper edge of the barren, and away across on the opposite side, was a herd of caribou the tracks of which the boys had previously discovered in the woods.

Three fine bucks were of the number, and all were nearly under the distant rise of the land, some at feeding and others pawing away the damp snow from the moss-covered ground.

Jack Lightfoot was cool in an instant, and he at once began measuring the possibilities of getting a reliable shot at them.

"Don't use your rifle, Lafe," he sharply muttered, for Lafe seemed utterly unable to resist the temptation. "It's too far away to make sure. We must get nearer to them."

"You can't do it," gasped Lafe.

"We must do it," insisted Jack. "If we fire from here we shall only waste our powder and start them away."

"But we can't steal nearer over this barren," whispered Lafe, shaking as if with the ague. "We should be seen before we could cover twenty feet. Gee whiz! I shall go off my perch if we don't do something mighty quick."

"Keep cool, Lafe," Tom now protested. "Jack is right. We couldn't drop one from here, save by the greatest of luck."

"Of course we couldn't."

"Can't we make a circuit through the woods, Jack, and reach the upper side of the barren. We could kill one from that distance."

"Impossible, Tom," said Jack decidedly. "Don't you see how we are placed?"

"How's that?"

"The wind now is in our favor, blowing directly from them to us."

"Gee, that's so!"

"If we should try getting above them we should reverse things and they'd scent us, and be off before we could get within range."

"I fear that's true, Jack."

"Jiminy——"

"Dry up, Lafe," whispered Jack suddenly. "I see a way, the only way by which we can get within range. Do you see that wooded patch out there in the barren?"

"What of it?"

"If we can reach that undetected we can do the job," explained Jack. "It lies less than two hundred yards this side of them."

"But we can't venture into the barren," growled Lafe. "We mustn't show in the open."

"We must cross to those woods without being seen," Jack hurriedly answered. "We must make a circuit to a point which will bring those woods between us and the herd. By keeping constantly in the shelter of them we may get near enough for a shot."

"Eureka! that's so."

"Follow me," said Jack. "We'll make a detour through these woods until we reach a point from which we can get to that island, or what looks like one. Follow me quietly."

In taking the back track for a short distance, Jack moved farther south through the woods, and then headed again for the barren.

Upon reaching the edge of the forest this time, he found that the detour they had made might serve their purpose. The wooded elevation in the middle of the upper part of the barren was directly between them and the distant herd of deer.

"Jiminy!" muttered Lafe impatiently. "We can't see them from here."

"It's a poor rule that won't work both ways, Lafe," said Tom. "Neither can they see us, which is the chief thing."

"But they may have skipped——"

"We'll soon know, Lafe," Jack Lightfoot softly interrupted. "We must get out to that wooded patch without delay, keeping it between us and the place where we saw the herd. Move quietly, too, that no noise shall betray us."

"You lead the way, Jack."

"Come on, then."

Now proceeding very cautiously, Jack picked his way down the scrubby incline leading to the edge of the barren, closely followed by his companions.

Here not a word was spoken, and, with gingerly tread, Jack at once led the way across the level waste of rough land toward the clump of woods, then several hundred yards distant.

Keeping it constantly between them and the place where they had seen the herd of deer, at the end of

five minutes the boys succeeded in reaching the southern side of the isolated grove, where Jack briefly halted.

"Be careful in crossing this place," he softly whispered, with eyes aglow with excitement. "The snap of a twig or the swaying of a branch might betray us, in case the deer have not already fled."

Tom and Lafe nodded understandingly, but did not speak.

Then Jack parted the shrubbery at the edge of the wooded land, which was some fifty yards across, and dropped nearly to his hands and knees.

Inch by inch, foot by foot, yard after yard, he crept forward, with Tom and Lafe following in his tracks, and with the same exquisite caution and quietude, till they had covered three-quarters of the distance.

Then Jack paused again, and Tom, who came next, saw that he was quivering with momentary excitement.

With a glance over his shoulder, Jack signed for them to steal up alongside of him, which both cautiously did.

Then he pointed through an opening in the scrub and brush just in advance of them, which completely masked them from the upper part of the barren.

Nearly three hundred yards away, now somewhat scattered along the farther edge of the barren, was the entire herd of caribou engaged as previously described.

Jack drew his rifle forward and slipped it to the hollow of his arm, nodding for the others to follow suit.

Then he spoke in a whisper scarce louder than a breath.

"I'll shoot that big buck to the left," said he. "You, Lafe, aim at the one just west of him. You select one other, Tom, and then all hands wait my word to fire. Are you on?"

Tom and Lafe nodded without a murmur.

Though thrilled with excitement, though every nerve of the three boys was strained to its utmost tension, every nerve was as stiff as steel and without a tremor.

By slow degrees the three rifles crept to the three shoulders.

"Ready?" whispered Jack.

Three dilated pair of eyes flashed over the deadly tubes of steel.

"Fire!" said Jack coolly.

Bang!

The three reports sounded like one only.

Through a veil of smoke Jack Lightfoot saw the

buck at which he had fired leap forward, then start to run.

As quick as a flash Jack expelled the empty shell, and his faithful Winchester almost instantly rang out again on the afternoon air.

Bang!

Bang! bang!

Lafe and Tom had also fired again.

Nine of the herd now were moving like flashes of light, and vanishing into the near woods.

One buck was lying dead on the barren, dropped by Jack's second bullet.

Another was reeling to and fro in a vain effort to flee.

The doe at which Tom had fired was still making for the woods, but a stream of red down its fawn-colored flank told that the aim had been true.

With a yell Tom leaped from the scrub that was somewhat in his way and quickly aimed and fired again.

The doe fell forward with a plunge, now, with the bullet imbedded in her brain.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" shrieked Lafe, wild with excitement.

"We've got all three," shouted Jack, more coolly.

Yet all the boys were now rushing from their concealment, and Tom, who had started in advance, was already more than a rod out upon the barren, across which all hands now were about to run.

Suddenly, however, Tom Lightfoot felt the ground beneath him growing wet and soft, and he saw through the wasted snow just ahead of him a boggy stretch that could not possibly be crossed.

Instantly recalling the warning of Uncle Joe, he tried to check himself, yet slipped in the slippery earth and snow several feet farther.

"Look out, boys! look out!" he cried, quickly turning back.

That one moment of turning, however, brought all of his weight to bear in one spot, and the soft boggy earth failed to sustain him.

Slump!

In an instant he sank nearly to his waist in the close-clinging soil and ooze, with his legs held as if with the grip of a vise.

A cry of consternation and dismay broke from Jack and Lafe, followed by a shriek from Tom.

"Don't come out here!" he yelled frantically. "Don't come out here, or we'll all be in!"

"Can't you get out?" shouted Jack, from the solid ground some twenty feet away.

"No, I can't clear my legs," cried Tom, vainly trying to extricate himself.

"Can't you move them?"

"Not an inch! The suction is too great."

"Try again—try again!" yelled Lafe, with a wild terror leaping up in his eyes.

"I am trying, Lafe," cried Tom, who now appeared perfectly cool despite his terribly desperate situation. "The more I try, boys, the worse off I become. I am sinking deeper by slow degrees."

"Keep perfectly still, then," commanded Jack, with a sudden startling ring in his clear voice. "Don't try to move, Tom! Leave us to haul you out."

Lafe already was coming out of his coat and belt, to be used in lieu of a rope; but Jack turned sharply and cried:

"Those won't answer, Lafe! They have neither length nor strength enough."

"But we've got to do something," howled Lafe wildly. "Thunderation! he'll sink out of sight in five minutes."

Jack Lightfoot was fully as much alarmed by Tom's awful peril as was Lafe, but Jack had learned to keep his head at any such moment, and to seek the most rational means of rescue.

He glanced once more at Tom, and saw that the ooze and bog had risen nearly as high as his belt.

"Listen to me, Tom, and keep cool," he cried.

"I'm perfectly cool, Jack," was the perfectly composed answer. "I know I'm in a tight place, but my head is as clear as a bell."

"Do what I tell you," commanded Jack. "Bend your body forward till it rests on the bog and offers some support against the suction from below. Spread out your arms, also, for greater resistance."

Tom Lightfoot instantly saw the idea and obeyed him, stretching forward until his breast, face, and extended arms were flat on the oozy bog.

"Now hold that position, Tom, until we return," cried Jack. "We'll be gone only a minute or two."

"Where to, Jack?" groaned Lafe, not wishing to leave the spot.

"Come with me," Jack sharply commanded, darting back to the rise of wooded ground. "Out with your knife, Lafe! Out with your hunting-knife."

Jack drew his own while he ran, and his keen eyes quickly selected the one object which he hoped might serve his purpose.

It was one of a number of tall, slender birch-trees, which were growing near the edge of the rise of land.

It was all of fifteen feet tall, and Jack darted quickly to the trunk and began cutting it down.

"Get on the other side, Lafe," he cried. "Hack away on the other side! Seconds may be of value."

Lafe Lampton now saw his design, and, with a mingled grunt and gasp, he fiercely attacked the tree on the side opposite Jack.

Two hunting-knives never worked quicker, nor birch chips flew faster.

At the end of a minute the tall tree began to sway.

"Grab her, Lafe," cried Jack, still hacking for dear life. "Grab her and bend her down."

Lafe seized the slender trunk, and in an instant the silvery branches were prone upon the ground.

Jack gave a last violent hack, and the trunk parted.

"This way, Lafe!" he shouted. "This way with her."

Together they caught up the light tree and ran down toward the bog.

Tom had sunk but a little farther into the mire, owing to Jack's wise advice, and he glanced up when he heard them coming.

They approached as near as possible without leaving the solid ground, and Jack then extended the trunk of the birch in Tom's direction.

"It's plenty long, Tom," he cried, as he signed Lafe to take hold with him of the stronger branches.

"I've got it, Jack," said Tom, with marvelous coolness.

"Grab it fast! Get a good grip, Tom, then leave us to do the work. The more you struggle, Tom, the worse you'll make it."

"I'll be quiet."

"Ready?"

"Yes."

"Now, Lafe, steady!" cautioned Jack. "A long, even pull for all you're worth. Haul away!"

Lafe set his heels into the ground and sagged back.

The muscles of men in a championship tug-of-war contest never stood out with greater strain and tension than those of Jack and Lafe.

Suddenly they felt the tree give a little, and then a shout came from Tom.

"I'm slipping, boys," he cried exultantly. "Keep at it—I'm beginning to give! Whoop! there I come!"

He left the mire with a tremendous sucking noise, and so abruptly, after once starting, that Lafe lost his footing and went backward heels over head.

"Got him? Have you got him?" he yelled wildly, as he scrambled to his feet to renew the work of rescue.

"Sure we've got him," cried Jack, as he drew Tom to a point from which he could regain the solid ground. "Quick work and a cool head often do wonders—eh, Tom, old chap?"

"You bet, Jack," Tom warmly rejoined, hastening to shake them both by the hand. "You both did bully, and some day I may have a chance to do as much for you."

"Bosh!" cried Lafe, with a curiously choked laugh. "Gee! but I'm glad you're out of it, Tom. Howling mackerels! but ain't you a picture? You look as if you'd been in a hogshead of molasses. I'd like to embrace you, old boy, but I guess I won't."

This levity was the means adopted by Lafe for hiding the emotions born of his relief, and it brought a laugh from all. In their alarm they had forgotten all about the slain deer, but now that the danger was averted their minds quickly returned to them.

"We can't cross the barren in this direction," said Jack decidedly. "We must return by the way we came, then make our way around the waste to the upper side."

"That won't take long," cried Tom. "Wait till I recover my rifle and wash some of this slime from my clothes, then I'll be with you."

Luckily Tom's weapon had fallen where it easily could be recovered with a branch of the birch, after getting which he took some snow and cleansed his clothing as well as possible.

"Now we'll be off, Jack," said he. "Gracious! I can hardly realize the news we have to take to Uncle Joe."

"News!" cried Lafe derisively. "Can't we lug back the deer?"

"Try it and see," laughed Jack. "I guess we shall have to call on Musgrave to help us."

Their talk was carried on while they returned across the barren, and then bore around the edge of it until they reached the point near which the dead caribou were lying.

"Two fine bucks and one doe!" exclaimed Jack, as they examined them one after the other.

"Jiminy crickets! I can hardly realize it, as Tom says," declared Lafe. "I'll bet Uncle Joe's eyes will stick out a foot."

Tom drew out his watch and glanced at it.

"There still are two hours before dark," said he.

"That should give us time to return to camp for help, and to lug the game there before supper."

"A good idea," said Jack. "Let's be off at once."

Their return to camp occupied less than a quarter

hour, and the amazement of Mr. Denton upon hearing of their good fortune was all that the boys had anticipated.

The entire party at once returned to the barren, two trips being necessary; but before dark the last of the slain caribou had been brought into camp, and three more wearied and hungry hunters never sat down to a sweeter meal than that which was presently prepared.

Uncle Joe laughed, and laughed, and laughed over the unexpected success of the boys' first hunting trip, yet repeated far more than once:

"I might have known it! Thunderation, I might have known it! It sticks out all over you three Cranford chaps!"

CHAPTER VII.

THE MOOSE CALL.

Much to the surprise of Uncle Joe, who could not account for such a prolonged spell of "soft weather," the following day dawned clear and moderate again, with hardly a breath of wind to chill the air.

"It beats me, Musgrave," he declared, while all hands were lounging about the camp soon after breakfast.

"Heap warm, Joe, no mistake."

"I never ran across the like of it. If I didn't know better I should think spring was opening on us."

The stalwart Indian smiled faintly and shook his head.

"No spring yet, Joe," said he, in his simple fashion. "Pay good for this bime-by."

"I shouldn't wonder if we did, Musgrave."

"Heap much snow come fore long. Me smell him some soon."

"Does he mean, Uncle Joe, that he will smell the snow coming?" asked Tom Lightfoot, who never was tired of studying this native son of the forest.

"That's what he means," nodded Mr. Denton, laughing. "He can scent the change in the air for a day or more before the snow begins to fly."

"Wonderful, isn't it?"

"I don't know, Musgrave, but we had better make a break for the upper camp while the watercourse is open," said Mr. Denton, after a few minutes. "It will make easier going, and the outlook for moose is better than here, isn't it?"

"Mebbe better," said the guide. "Mebbe find tracks here. No find tracks here, Joe, best go up 'bove."

"I say, Musgrave," cried Jack Lightfoot, starting up from a log on which he had been seated, engaged in cleaning and recharging his Winchester. "You were going to show us how you make the moose call. Why isn't this a good time for you to do so?"

"Yes, go ahead and show them, Musgrave," put in Uncle Joe. "You might as well give them all of the points in the game."

"Much glad, Joe," the guide quickly nodded. "Me get bark."

Jack ran to leave his rifle in the cabin, then hastened after Tom and Lafe, who were following the Indian.

The latter strode into the woods until he found a desirable birch-tree, from which he carefully cut a strip of bark about two feet long, which he deftly modeled and twisted into the form of a horn.

"When is the best time for calling moose, Musgrave?" asked Jack, as the Indian next led the boys toward the brow of the wooded hill overlooking the lake.

"Morning good, evening good," he replied. "Jest fore sunrise, jest after sunset."

"Early morning, or early evening, eh?"

"Moonlight much good, too," added Musgrave, nodding with a smile that invited further questions. "Must be still time, no air moving, no much wind."

"Why is a calm so necessary, Musgrave?"

"Bull moose wary, heap much wary," grinned the Indian, with a significant wag of his head. "Fore he come up to call, he circle down wind to get scent of animal calling. Scent man heap quick if no wind moving."

"I see," laughed Jack, rather amused by Musgrave's efforts to make himself clear. "That is why a calm is so necessary."

"Moonlight most best some time. Bull moose no come to call in middle of day. Me call all night much many time, so to get moose just daylight."

"In other words," laughed Jack, "I suppose you were making a night of it. Do you keep well hidden while calling?"

"Hide when hear moose bellow," grinned the Indian. "Then know him hear and answer call. Bull moose some time far off. First me get up tree to call, so call go more great way off."

"You mean that you first climb a tree," nodded Jack; "so that the sound of the call will carry farther."

"That right," assented Musgrave cheerfully. "Some night me stay in tree heap long time. Two, three, four hour; mebbe more long. Mebbe then hear bull moose bellow far off."

"Then, I take it, you come down out of the tree on the run," smiled Jack.

The Indian chuckled in his guttural fashion.

"Heap quick come down," said he, with eyes glistening at the mere thought. "Hide in scrub, mebbe in tall grass. No be seen or bull run."

"You merely lie low, Musgrave, ready to shoot, eh?"

"Some time call more, when moose no come quick," replied Musgrave. "Mebbe bull stop far off, only look, no come near. Then call more."

"You keep calling till you get him in range, I suppose."

"That right."

"Do they ever come on the run, Musgrave?"

"Ugh! Some time bull come heap quick," said Musgrave, with an air and emphasis that left no room for doubt as to his meaning.

"He charges on you almost before you expect him, eh?" laughed Jack.

"Me know him come," grinned the guide. "Heap crash, bellow, roar, tear limbs and tree, bang horns for fight—ugh! much best better shoot bull heap quick. No time waste."

"Gee! but that must be a warm moment," remarked Lafe, with a vivid mental picture suggested by the Indian's odd description of the crash of a bull moose through the forest. "I reckon I'd want my old popgun all ready."

"I'll bet you would," muttered Tom.

"Now let's hear you make the call, Musgrave," said Jack. "We are much obliged for all you have told us."

The Indian nodded, then placed the birch-bark horn to his lips and made the famous moose call.

The curiously soft, long-drawn, plaintive note rose with peculiar distinctness on the calm morning air.

One could almost feel that it was traveling far, far, and yet still farther, this wave of sound; and, presently, the listening boys heard it faintly echoed from the distant, dark-green face of the forest on the opposite side of the lake.

Jack Lightfoot felt himself nudged by Tom, who was intently watching Musgrave.

With that intense instinctive interest, which was part and parcel of his hunter's nature, he stood listening, as motionless as a figure of bronze, with his eyes dilated and gleaming, his ears strained, his thin nostrils quivering like those of a thoroughbred in the heat of a race—so he stood listening for a response, a response for which his own wisdom and experience told him he must listen in vain.

"It's first nature to him," whispered Tom. "He can't help listening."

"That's right," murmured Jack. "A strange, wonderful character, isn't he?"

"All of that, Jack."

Presently Musgrave relaxed, then placed the horn to his lips, and made the call again.

Once more it echoed from shore to shore.

Once more the Indian stood listening.

Silence only, the silence of the vast, calm wilderness, answered the dying echoes.

"Let me try to make it, Musgrave," said Lafe impulsively.

The Indian shook his head, and tore the birch bark in pieces.

"Can you guess why he did that, Lafe?" asked Uncle Joe, when the boys returned with Musgrave a moment later.

"No, I'm blessed if I can," said Lafe.

"He was taking the one remote chance that the call was heard by a bull moose, Lafe, and that it may draw him to a locality where we might discover his tracks," said Mr. Denton.

"Jiminy! is that so?"

"He knew, however, that if you attempted to make the call, Lafe, that that one remote chance would be absolutely destroyed. The sound that you would make would frighten a moose, rather than attract him."

"Gee, I never thought of that," laughed Lafe, easily appeased.

"That right, Joe," nodded Musgrave indifferently.

"Now you boys must remain here," said Mr. Denton quite abruptly. "I have decided to go out with Musgrave and spend a couple of hours seeking moose tracks. Two at that business are better than five, so you will have to remain about the camp until we return."

"We will do so, Uncle Joe," assented Jack readily.

"In case we can find none, we will strike for the upper camp this afternoon."

"Good enough, sir."

"We shall return by noon," added Mr. Denton, while he was making his preparations. "Meantime, you boys may amuse yourselves in camp, or go down along the lake and try to shoot a beaver. I think Musgrave will allow you to use his canoe, also, if you wish."

"That all right, Joe," nodded the guide. "Paddle under canoe on shore."

"You go ahead, Uncle Joe," cried Jack heartily. "We'll find some pastime, let us alone for that, and we'll have dinner ready for you when you show up."

"Bully for you," laughed the Canadian approvingly.

A few minutes later both he and Musgrave, with their rifles under their arms, left the camp and vanished through the woods to the north.

"Well, what do you say, boys?" cried Jack, after a moment. "Shall we try for a beaver, as Uncle Joe suggested?"

"I'm game," declared Lafe.

"Me too," said Tom.

"That settles it. We'll get our rifles and walk down to the shore."

"Why not take the canoe?"

"We'll return and get it, Lafe, if we sight nothing afoot," replied Jack. "There still is some ice around the edge of the lake, and, in case we should see any game, we might not find it so easy to make a canoe landing."

"That's right, too."

"So we first will go afoot."

"That's the better way," added Tom.

Little dreaming of the tremendous adventure awaiting them, for the most unexpected once in awhile occurs as an exception to prove the rule, the boys now hastened to get their Winchesters and set out around the west shore of the lake.

Before they were fifty yards from the camp, however, Lafe Lampton suddenly halted, with eyes half starting from his head.

"Thunderation!" he gasped excitedly. "What is that out in the lake? Is it a floating dead branch?"

Jack and Tom halted and gazed.

Two hundred yards away, nearly in the middle of the upper lake, was a long, dark object, resembling a stump, with two huge dead branches rising from it.

Jack Lightfoot started as if electrified.

"Dead branch—no!" he cried, under his breath. "Can't you see that it's moving? It's the head of a swimming moose, and those branches are his antlers. The Indian's call has been answered."

Jack was right.

As the phenomenal sometimes occurs, so Musgrave's call, wonderful to relate, had lured from the forest some solitary bull moose, probably moved with curiosity to know the meaning of the call, and which had plunged into the lake from the east shore and was swimming across to that side from which the call had been made.

For a moment the suppressed excitement of the boys was all they could contain.

Then Jack Lightfoot instantly rose to the situation.

"Keep cool," he softly cried. "Don't fire at him yet."

"He is swimming to this shore," whispered Lafe, quivering as if with the ague.

"I see that he is, Lafe, to the point two hundred yards below," cried Jack. "We must work down that way and into the woods before—oh, thunder! he's turning back."

"He has discovered us," cried Tom. "We shall lose him."

"Let's all fire——"

"Stop!" cried Jack. "Not on your life! We must kill that moose or lose a leg."

"What's to be done?"

"Away with you, Tom, and head him off if he comes to this shore. Lafe and I will take the canoe and head him off from the other side. Away with you! Come on, Lafe!"

His companions instantly saw his design, which Jack had hurriedly explained even while he turned and dashed back toward the camp.

Lafe was at his heels like a staghound, and they reached the canoe together.

"Take my rifle," said Jack.

Lafe caught it on the fly, and Jack, with agility and strength redoubled by his excitement, seized the canoe and placed it in the water.

"In with you, Lafe," he cried. "I'll take the paddle."

Lafe had head enough to settle himself in the bow, and placed both rifles in easy reach.

Jack rushed into the water, shoved off as far as his knees, then quickly got aboard.

Then the fierce sweep of his paddle sent the frail bark leaping over the calm water.

"Can we head him off? Do you think we can head him off?" roared Lafe, half wild with excitement.

Jack's gaze was upon the moose, and he did not reply.

His face was white, his jaws hard set, his eyes gleaming as if with living fire.

The muscles of his neck were standing out like cords of steel. Those of his arms and shoulders were like bunches of knotted whiplcord, yet they were playing with all the suppleness of vigorous youth.

He was fairly lifting the light canoe over the water with every sweep of the paddle.

CHAPTER VIII.

BIG GAME.

The moose was a good three hundred yards from the camp when the boys started, and nearly as far from the east shore of the lake, toward which he had turned to swim the moment he saw them.

With his body submerged, with only his long, dark head and huge horns in view, he was cutting a tremendous clip through the water, and probably making for that point in the forest from which he had emerged.

Jack had headed the canoe for the same point, bent upon reaching it before the animal and driving him back into the lake, or else getting within such easy range, if the moose left the water, that the killing of him would be assured.

"We're gaining, Jack, we're gaining on him," cried Lafe, after a moment. "Hadn't I better shoot?"

"No, no!"

"I'll bet I can plug him through the head."

"Don't try it—not yet!" cried Jack sharply. "The canoe is unsteady. Your aim would not be sure. Wait till I say, or till——"

"Keep her flying," interrupted Lafe, so thrilled with excitement that he hardly heard a word that Jack said. "We're gaining—we'll head him off! Keep her flying, old man! In half-a-minute we'll be between him and the shore."

Jack already knew that this was true, and he was redoubling his efforts.

The canoe was leaping forward like a race-horse in the last furlong of a neck-and-neck finish.

The moose was fifty yards from the west shore.

In another moment the canoe shot between him and the bank.

Lafe clapped his rifle to his shoulder.

"Hold on!" yelled Jack warningly. "Wait till I head her up. You'll be steadier."

Lafe dropped the weapon a trifle and waited.

The delay was barely a second, for Jack shot the canoe around with a skill that would have won Musgrave's admiration even, and brought her to a quick stop.

"He's off!" shouted Lafe. "He's turning!"

The moose, seeing his flight cut off, had swung sharply around in the water and was making for the east shore.

"Let him have it," roared Jack, still hanging to the paddle in event of trouble.

Lafe clapped the rifle to his shoulder and fired.

Bang!

The bullet splashed the water one inch from the moose's ear, and the report of the weapon was fol-

lowed by a bellow that woke ten thousand echoes from the neighboring shores.

"Try again!" shouted Jack. "Keep cool! Keep your nerves steady."

"You keep the infernal canoe steady," snarled Lafe, as he expelled the empty shell. "She joggled just as I fired. That's what made me miss."

"I now have got her——"

Bang!

Jack's answer was drowned by the second report.

Now the bullet glanced from the base of the moose's antlers, and went ricochetting over the surface of the lake.

The response this time was something more than a bellow.

It was the succession of sounds the like of which could have been made only by a calliope, or by a cage of infuriated lions, tigers, and jackals, all in a bloody fight.

"Reach me my rifle!" yelled Jack, a bit disgusted.

"You dry up and keep the canoe still," snapped Lafe.

"Can't you hit——"

"Thunderation! He's going to turn and fight," shrieked Lafe.

The moose, less than thirty yards away, had come about as if on a pivot, and was making straight for the canoe.

With almost human sagacity, he appeared to know what he was up against, and that his only hope was in fight, not flight.

He had sank lower in the water, showing only his long, dark nose, a pair of blazing eyes, and that huge spread of antlers.

"Fire!" yelled Jack. "Aim between his eyes!"

Lafe clapped the weapon to his shoulder again and fired.

Bang!

As if the raising of the weapon had impressed him like some form of a challenge, the infuriated moose had given his head a violent, defiant shake just as Lafe fired.

It caused Lafe to miss him again, or nearly so, for the bullet only tore a hole through the animal's ear.

Then that calliopic bellow was repeated.

For the first time in his life Lafe Lampton felt a thrill of genuine fear.

The moose was scarce fifteen yards away, snorting and bellowing like a crazy creature, and plowing through the water like a turbine launch.

"Look out for him, Jack," shrieked Lafe, as he again expelled the empty shell.

Jack Lightfoot saw the danger they were in, that in another ten seconds the moose, unless he was killed, would cut down the canoe with his antlers as if it was a mere feather.

Jack saw that Lafe might not be sure to kill, even if he hit him at this close range, and he dared not take the chance.

With a swift forward move he dipped his paddle deep, whirled the bow of the canoe to one side, then

threw every ounce of his strength into one terrific sweep.

It was a move that only one person in a hundred would have thought of at such an appalling moment, and one which only one in a thousand would have dared to attempt.

Jack fairly lifted the canoe from the water with his influx of superhuman strength.

The frail canoe shot like an arrow to one side of the approaching moose, and within six feet of his tremendous antlers.

The impetus carried her twenty feet beyond the animal, but again the moose turned as if on a pivot, too angry to flee, and looking only for fight.

Jack now was the nearer, and Lafe at the farther end of the canoe.

The situation was such that Lafe could not fire again, Jack being in the way.

With extraordinary coolness Jack cried sharply:

"Hand me my rifle, Lafe."

Lafe thrust the weapon toward him as Jack shipped the paddle.

Lafe instantly caught up the paddle, saying quickly: "Steady, Jack! I'll be ready to make off if you miss him."

Jack hardly heard him.

The snorting moose was less than twelve feet away.

The heat of his breath was on the surrounding air.

He was coming straight for the canoe, and for the rigid figure crouching in her stern.

Jack, with his rifle at his shoulder, was waiting to get an aim that he knew would be absolutely sure.

His face was white, but his nerves were never more steady.

Bang!

The snorting ceased, the blaze died from the angry eyes, the spreading antlers swayed to one side, and the giant moose careened in the water—stone-dead.

The bullet from Jack Lightfoot's faithful Winchester had crashed through the animal's skull between his eyes and torn his brain asunder.

Then what a yell of triumph came from Lafe—it equaled the bellow of the moose.

"We've done it, Jack; howling mackerels, we've done it! We have killed a moose!"

Whatever he may have thought, it was not in Jack Lightfoot's generous nature to exhibit any feeling of superiority over his part in the exploit, and he at once cried, heartily:

"That we have, Lafe, we have done a good job!"

"Good job! That's no name for it. We——"

"Stop a bit," interrupted Jack Lightfoot suddenly.

"The carcass is settling. We must get a line on one of his antlers, and drag him in the shallow water."

"That's right! Here's a piece of line."

To slip a noose on one of the antlers was the work of a moment, and Lafe then paddled lustily toward the shore.

For some yards the carcass towed easily, then the drag on the line indicated that it had grounded.

"Back-water a little, Lafe, till we can see him," cried Jack.

"I can see him now," replied Lafe. "He's aground, all right. There's only about four feet of water here."

"Then the carcass must be on his side."

"That's just the way it is lying."

"We'll leave it, then, and wait till Uncle Joe returns," said Jack. "Probably Musgrave will know how to handle it and get it ashore."

"Sure he will. Jiminy crickets! here they come now!"

Jack turned and glanced toward the camp.

Mr. Denton and the guide, who had hurriedly returned upon hearing the frequent rifle reports, now were leaving the camp to hasten around the shore, on which Tom Lightfoot then was waiting for them.

Musgrave had a coil of rope over his arm, and it at once was plain to Jack that they already knew what had occurred.

This was obvious, too, in the first words of Mr. Denton, when the three approached.

"Well, I don't see where we old rounders fit in, Jack," he cried, with a hearty display of pride in the boys' exploit. "You chaps have killed a moose while we were looking for the tracks of one. I reckon, Musgrave, we shall have to get into the second row."

"Not so bad as that, Uncle Joe," cried Jack, laughing and running the canoe to the shore. "You probably will distance us before the end of the race."

"I'm not so sure of it," said Uncle Joe, shaking both Lafe and Jack by the hand when they came ashore.

"I've known old hunters to shrink from what you two have done, and few novices would have attempted it."

"Fools rush in where wise men fear to tread," laughed Jack, flushed with pleasure. "I'll admit that we did pretty well, however."

"That you did."

"How does he look, Musgrave?"

"Heap much good!" exclaimed the Indian, who had strode into the shallow water till he could grasp the animal's protruding antlers.

"Is he a big one?" cried Lafe.

"Much good size," nodded Musgrave, while knotting the rope around the horns. "Some time bigger, some time not so big, some time more so."

This enigmatical conclusion brought a laugh from all hands, in which Musgrave readily joined, and then the efforts of all were directed to getting the huge carcass to the shore.

It finally was accomplished, however, after which Musgrave deftly removed the hide and cut the carcass in sections that could be borne to the camp.

There was no more looking for moose tracks that day, and Musgrave spent most of the afternoon in curing the supply of venison over a smoking fire.

Along about sunset clouds began to appear in the eastern sky, and a noticeable rawness crept into the air.

The Indian frequently sniffed, and smelt, and gazed at the sky, and finally declared himself.

"Come snow soon," said he tersely. "Mebbe to-night. Most like not till morrow."

"I hope now it will hold off till we reach the upper camp," growled Mr. Denton.

"Do we go soon, Uncle Joe?" asked Jack.

"Early to-morrow, Jack," replied his uncle. "I have decided we can do more up there, and I wish to make the traverse before the water closes. We shall start bright and early to-morrow morning."

In the latter respect fortune again favored the hunting party.

The following day broke cloudy, with a dull, gray sky lowering over lake and forest, and lending to the vast wilderness a sort of threatening solemnity; but no snow was falling, though a raw chill in the air indicated that the storm was not very far away.

"Heap snow soon," Musgrave tersely announced, while a quick breakfast was being prepared. "Much big storm fore long."

"Let her come," cried Uncle Joe indifferently, with a wink at the boys. "Once we reach the upper camp, which is much the better of the two, we can defy the worst of weather."

The departure was made immediately after breakfast.

With the luggage again divided, a portage was made to the upper lake, and the canoe trip hurriedly begun.

The brawny Indian maintained a fast clip up the lake, covering the nine miles with hardly a break in his clock-like manipulation of the paddle, and the upper camp was reached before the first flake of snow appeared.

As Uncle Joe had said, here the camp was much better built, and more commodious, the main cabin enabling them to defy a long spell of most inclement weather. It was situated after the fashion of the lower one, however, and before noon the last of the luggage had been transferred to the cabin, and the party was again in snug quarters.

Then came the expected change of weather. At night the snow was falling fast, and a fierce north wind had sent the mercury far below the freezing-point.

"There will be no more canoe trips for us," Uncle Joe grimly declared, as he gazed out upon the scene just before the early dusk shut down. "The lake is freezing over and will be locked with heavy ice before morning. It will be snow-shoes to-morrow, boys; snow-shoes and ear-laps, instead of the soft snap we thus far have enjoyed."

"Let her come, Uncle Joe," cried Jack Lightfoot heartily. "We are well prepared, and it will find us ready."

CHAPTER IX.

ON SNOW-SHOES.

"Whoop-la! isn't this great? I feel like a kid just out of school!"

These exclamations came from Lafe Lampton about

noon of the next day following the arrival of the boys at the upper camp.

Though the snow-storm had lasted through the night, it had abated and finally ceased that morning; yet the heavy gray of the sky and the chill that still hung on the air, plainly indicated that it might be resumed before night.

All hands had felt eager to get out into the bracing atmosphere, however, and an early dinner was no sooner disposed of than Musgrave started alone in search of moose tracks.

Jack and his companions were eager to follow, and Uncle Joe had readily consented to take up the trail of the Indian, who had been informed of their intentions, and see what a few hours' search would bring forth.

Just enough snow now had fallen to make capital snow-shoeing, and all hands were ready and out of doors before Musgrave had been a quarter of an hour from the camp.

It was when they emerged and went scraping over the surface of the snow, with that peculiar movement necessitated by the wearing of snow-shoes, that Lafe had given vent to his pent feelings.

The boys were warmly clad, with thick woolen tuques on their heads, and all hands carried their rifles.

"You're right, Lafe," cried Jack. "It does seem good to get out in the air, after the heat of that cabin. It's a great bracer."

"That's what it is, Jack," nodded Tom.

"We'll take up Musgrave's trail," said Uncle Joe; "and stick to it till we find him."

"Suppose he strikes any moose tracks?" inquired Jack.

"If he does, Jack, he'll turn back and inform us, or wait for us to overtake him."

"He understands, then, that we are following him?"

"Oh, yes; I made that plain to him."

"He's a fine type of Indian, Uncle Joe."

"None better on this earth, Jack. This way, boys!"

The trail left by Musgrave, who was also on snow-shoes, could be easily followed, and ran nearly north.

With Uncle Joe leading the way, the boys closely followed, and the pursuit began.

It was a great scene for them, the picture then presented by nature.

The ground and hills were a sheen of spotless white.

The towering pines and fir-trees were laden with snow, and stood like huge monarchs draped in robes of ermine.

The solitude and stillness of the vast forest was indescribably impressive, and the whole environment one never to be forgotten.

On the boys plunged over the snow, keeping up an incessant train of genial talk, and, for upward of an hour, the pursuit was continued.

Then, through a vista of the forest, they saw Musgrave returning.

"I guess he has given it up," said Lafe, with obvious disappointment.

"Not much, Lafe, as quickly as this," laughed Uncle Joe. "More likely he has discovered some tracks and is returning to warn us to be quiet."

"Gee, I hope so!" exclaimed Lafe, with his countenance lighting.

Uncle Joe's prediction proved to be the correct one.

Upon joining the group the Indian proceeded to explain, with more excitement than he ordinarily displayed, that he had found signs of moose nearly a mile to the north.

"Moose be two—mebbe more," he declared, in his broken fashion, with eyes glistening as the boys never yet had seen them.

"Two of them!" exclaimed Denton, hardly able to credit the statement.

"Find tracks in two places," said Musgrave. "One much big. Peel bark high on tree."

"Were the tracks near together?" asked Denton.

"Quite some apart," replied Musgrave. "Two sure."

"He is sure that there are two of them," said Mr. Denton, now turning to the boys.

"Gee, let's get a move on!" cried Lafe, with irrepressible impatience.

Uncle Joe readily assented.

"The sooner the better," said he. "Lead off, Musgrave, and we will follow. We must be well down the wind from them, if they are where you say, and there's a fair chance of our killing one of them."

"Much good chance, Joe," cried Musgrave, as he led the way through the forest.

"How does he know that one of them is a very large one, Uncle Joe?" inquired Jack.

"He found a tree on which the bark has recently been bitten and torn from the trunk," explained his uncle. "These signs reached so high on the trunk that they indicated an unusually tall moose."

"Ah! I see," smiled Jack, with a glance at the guide.

Musgrave was hurrying on some twenty feet in advance of the others, and, for half-an-hour a quick, yet cautious advance was made through the forest.

Then the Indian turned back and warned them to follow without speaking.

"Much still," he grunted. "No make noise."

Then began an exhibition of woodcraft which caused the boys to wonder, as they witnessed this Indian's sure tracking of an unseen animal, his quick study of the trees, his examination of a nipped branch, or his lightning glance at some half-obliterated impression in the snow.

After tramping on for some distance in this fashion, he paused again, and Denton softly asked:

"What do you say, Musgrave?"

"Me no sure," whispered the guide. "One still more north, me sure of that. Lost other. One fresh sign; other not so new. Mebbe we find him this way."

Denton merely nodded, and again the Indian led the way.

To the Cranford boys there was an atmosphere of mystery and uncertainty about all this that was intensely exciting.

The surrounding country appeared covered with an unbroken forest, yet a little later Musgrave again halted and laid his finger on his lips.

Mr. Denton signed for the boys to draw nearer, and Jack now saw that they had reached a clear portion of the woods, with a slight decline in the land, which appeared rough and rocky under its covering of snow.

Half-a-mile away beyond this valley could be seen the thicker growth of woods again, with several hills and the elevated pines looming up like giants against the gray sky.

"What's the trouble now, Musgrave?" Denton softly asked, as the Indian drew closer.

"Moose tracks two way," he quietly answered, pointing to several indentations in the snow.

They were almost obliterated, evidently having been made before the storm had entirely ceased, and only an experienced eye could have determined their character.

"Are those moose tracks?" whispered Jack.

The Indian nodded and pointed to others some twenty yards away to the left.

"What do you say, Musgrave?" repeated Denton, who appeared to know that the guide had some design in mind.

"Much good go in two party," he replied.

"Better if we separate," muttered Denton. "He means, boys, that we shall have a better chance to run upon a moose if we divide into two parties."

"Let's do it, then," said Jack quickly.

"One that way," nodded Musgrave, pointing. "Other go that. Both follow tracks."

"I don't fancy letting you two boys go it alone," said Denton. "I guess I'd better go with you and leave Tom with the guide. If you should get lost——"

"Bosh!" interrupted Lafe. "We can return over our trail."

"Besides," put in Jack; "it's plain enough that Musgrave intends to skirt this open section and go through the woods to the left, and so reach the pine-covered hill over yonder."

"Ugh! that right."

"And he wants some of us to do the same off here to the right," continued Jack. "Lafe and I can go it all right, Uncle Joe, and we will rejoin you at the hill yonder. Kids in the primary grade could do that. You go along with Musgrave and Tom, while Lafe and I take this direction. We will see you again within an hour."

Though not without some slight misgivings, the confidence displayed by both boys, and the skill and courage they had already exhibited, settled the matter with Mr. Denton.

"All right, Jack," said he. "We'll skirt this valley in both directions. You go to the right, making for the big hill yonder, and we'll meet you there."

"Good enough," nodded Jack. "We'll get there, all right, Uncle Joe."

There was no occasion for further words, for the plan appeared both simple and feasible, as a matter of

fact; and, while the others hurried quickly away to the left, Jack and Lafe bore off to the right, again diving into the forest and following the signs already pointed out to them.

"Gee!" whispered Lafe, as they started. "I'd just like to drop a moose before Musgrave discovers one. Wouldn't that be nuts?"

"I believe your story," laughed Jack.

"We'll do it if one shows up, I'll wager."

"Possibly we shall locate one if we are cautious," Jack quietly rejoined. "We'll give it a good, hard try, at all events."

Then they took up the trail in silence.

For half-an-hour not a word was spoken.

This way and that, up-hill and down, over rough ground and level, the two boys made their way through the forest, constantly working in a long detour in a direction which they thought would bring them to the distant hill, which was to be their meeting-place with their fellow hunters.

Without knowing it, however, owing to the general likeness of these wooded hills, as well as the fact that they frequently lost sight of the one to be remembered, they got so far to the east that another elevation appeared to be the one, and from that moment every step they took carried them farther from the right course.

Added to these miscalculations, of which they then were entirely unconscious, they frequently found signs of the moose tracks in the snow, and this also led them in the wrong direction.

They kept on in this way for upward of an hour, however, when Jack abruptly halted and said quietly:

"It strikes me, Lafe, that we should have come round to that hill by this time. We must have covered more than a mile, and it certainly did not appear so far distant when we parted from Uncle Joe."

"Gee whiz! that's just what I was thinking," declared Lafe, gazing back over the course they had followed. "We can't have come wrong, can we?"

"Why, yes, it is possible," replied Jack. "Yet I have felt pretty sure of my location all the time."

"These infernal hills and trees all look alike to me," blurted Lafe, "and we are shut in so much of the time by the forest, that it takes all one's head is worth to keep in any definite direction."

"I believe your story," said Jack, gazing doubtfully about.

"One thing is sure, anyway."

"What is that, Lafe?"

"We are in no great danger of getting lost, for we can take the back track over our own trail."

"That's true," assented Jack. "I am not much afraid of getting lost, but I don't fancy keeping the other party waiting for us. If we bear off in this direction I think we shall meet them, or, at least, discover the hill where we were to—— Hark! what's that, Lafe?"

As quick as a flash Jack had his rifle dropped and ready to fire.

The boys did not know it then, but at that moment Denton and his companions were nearly four miles

away to the west, so far had Jack and Lafe strayed out of their proper course.

That which so abruptly had startled Jack was the sound of a fierce bellow, evidently some distance away, yet quickly followed by a second that seemed somewhat nearer.

There could be no mistaking the sound, and Lafe instantly whispered, with an eagerness that evinced his true hunter's instinct:

"Moose, Jack, that's what it is!"

"And more than one."

"They're coming this way."

"They must have been started by Uncle Joe and the others," cried Jack; quickly hitting the nail on the head. "This way, Lafe! We must drop one of them, at least, if they pass near."

"One of 'em!" snorted Lafe. "Howling mackerels! we must get 'em both!"

In the great excitement that immediately possessed them, every thought of being lost left the boys' mind. Their one and only thought and impulse was to head off and kill one or both of the approaching moose.

Once more the bellow had been repeated, and the sound plainly indicated that the animals were coming nearer, evidently blind to the proximity of other hunters than those by whom they had been started in flight.

As a matter of fact, both moose, for there proved to be two, had discovered Denton and his companions while the latter were still so far away that several shots hurriedly fired had missed their mark, and had served only to start the animals in frantic flight.

At such a time the moose travels with the speed of a race-horse, maintaining it for a long distance, and they were in this mad flight when Jack and Lafe heard them coming.

"This way, Lafe, quick!" cried Jack, rushing toward a fallen tree lying amid some surrounding brush. "If they pass near enough we will try to drop them."

Lafe hastened to comply, intending to conceal himself as Jack had already done, but in his haste he caught the toe of his long snow-shoe and pitched headlong to his face.

Jack glanced back and saw his mishap, but before he could utter a word or offer to aid him, it not being easy to scramble up quickly on snow-shoes, Jack discovered that one of the moose was much nearer than he had realized.

A furious beating of hoofs through the snow, a crashing and rending of branches, a sweeping aside of boughs as if by a whirlwind, the clash and crash of antlers against the small trees—these were some of the sounds that fell upon Jack's ears with a suddenness that told of the terrific speed of one of the approaching moose.

Almost instantly, through a clump of firs scarce twenty feet away, the huge animal broke with all the appalling violence of a plunging locomotive.

A more terrific picture than he presented could not be imagined.

His eyes were like balls of blazing fire.

Great clouds of steam were pouring from his nostrils.

He was panting and snorting with a violence that shook every fiber of his tremendous figure.

For the bare fraction of a second Jack Lightfoot was appalled.

He then thought of Lafe, rather than himself, prostrate on the ground behind him, and his weapon leaped to his shoulder.

The giant moose was almost upon him, his huge frame trembling with fury, when Jack looked along the shining barrel of his faithful Winchester.

Bang!

The report rang like thunder on the air of the late afternoon.

The bullet smashed between the animal's eyes with a sound like that of a breaking oak branch.

The moose plunged forward upon his knees, rose once, and then fell with a crash amid the firs and brushwood.

Almost at the same moment Jack heard the ringing report of Lafe's rifle.

He swung round like a flash.

Lafe now was upon his feet again, and had fired at a second moose, a veritable giant of his kind, which was tearing through the woods some fifty yards away.

Jack caught only a glimpse of the monstrous animal, but he saw a gush of red blood stain his flank and cover the snow beneath him.

"I hit him!" yelled Lafe. "I wounded him! Come on, Jack! We must get him, too!"

Now half frantic with excitement, and knowing that one of the moose already was slain, both boys started after the other at the top of their speed.

Neither thought of the hour, of the near approach of darkness, of the absence of their companions, nor of the possibility of getting lost.

They quickly struck the moose trail, a stain of red on the white snow, a trail that a child could have followed, and they took it up with all the zest that is born of such excitement.

For nearly an hour they ran on at the top of their speed, and then they came to a break in the forest.

"He can't keep up this clip," panted Lafe, pointing to the snow in advance of them. "See how he's bleeding. He must be badly wounded. His tracks show that he is unsteady."

"That's right, Lafe," admitted Jack; "yet we are getting a long distance from——"

"By thunder! there he is now."

Through the break in the woods, from which they had emerged while speaking, a low-lying barren or a small pond frozen hard had come into view. Here the snow of the previous night had drifted deeply, and a hundred yards away, floundering and still struggling onward through the several feet of yielding snow, was the wounded moose.

"Come on, Jack!" roared Lafe, again in the heat of excitement. "We've got him. He's helpless in that snow! Come on, I say!"

The moose was too near to be left at this stage of the game, and Jack quickly followed Lafe down the slight hill and over the stretch of snow, till both were within thirty yards of the floundering animal.

"Let him have it, Lafe," Jack now cried. "He's yours by right. I shot the other."

Lafe brought his rifle to his shoulder, took careful aim, and sent a bullet through the animal's heart.

Instead of rushing to make a careful inspection of their game, however, Jack Lightfoot stood motionless and gazed back into the woods through which they had come.

"What's the matter?" cried Lafe, observing the grave expression on Jack's face.

"Matter enough, Lafe, I'm afraid," said Jack, pointing upward. "It is beginning to snow again. In a quarter hour it will be coming down hard and fast, and we are miles from where we shot the other moose."

If he could have looked back to that spot, Jack would have seen Uncle Joe, Tom, and the Indian just arriving there, to which they had followed the moose tracks after starting the two animals. Jack also would have seen the anxiety pictured in the faces of all; for there, too, the huge flakes of snow were rapidly falling.

The truth now dawned upon Lafe with all its serious significance.

"The dickens, Jack!" he exclaimed. "Do you think we can't follow the trail back?"

"The trail!" said Jack gravely. "We have been nearly an hour in reaching here, Lafe, coming at the top of our speed. In ten minutes that trail will be buried in a sheet of snow."

"Then you think we have lost our way, do you?"

"It certainly looks like it, Lafe."

"What's to be done?"

"Done?" cried Jack, with abrupt cheerfulness. "We must face the music, Lafe, and meet the situation as we find it. It is snowing harder every moment, and it would be worse than idle to attempt to find our way to-night. We are lost, all right, lost in this snow forest; but we are a good way from being toes up, Lafe, and we'll get to work at once and see what's best to be done."

They were courageous words in the face of such a situation, and Lafe Lampton impulsively thrust out his hand.

"Put it there, Jack," he cried roundly. "I'm with you, old man! We'll sink or swim together!"

"Good for you!" declared Jack, as their hands met. "And swim it shall be, Lafe; not sink!"

THE END.

What came of their great moose hunt, and the strange adventures it brought in its train, will be given in the succeeding issue, to appear next week, and entitled "Jack Lightfoot Snowed Up; or, Lost in the Trackless Canadian Wilderness." If you enjoy a rattling story of sport afield be sure to get No. 50 of this weekly.

HOW TO DO THINGS

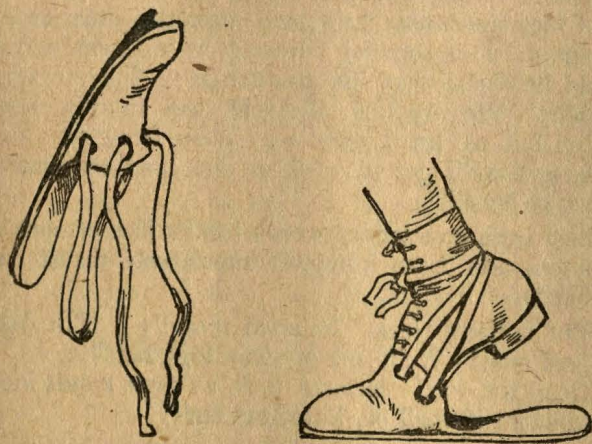
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Timely essays and hints upon various athletic sports and pastimes in which our boys are usually deeply interested, and told in a way that may be easily understood. Instructive articles may be found in back numbers of the ALL-SPORTS LIBRARY, as follows: No. 31, "How to Make a Cheap Skiff." No. 32, "Archery." No. 33, "Cross-Country Running." No. 34, "The Game of Lacrosse." No. 35, "The Boy With a Hobby for Collecting." No. 36, "Football, and How to Play It." No. 37, "A Practice Game." No. 38, "How to Play Football—Training." No. 39, "The Men in the Line." No. 40, "The Men Behind." No. 41, "Signal Systems." No. 42, "Team Play." No. 43, "The End of the Season." No. 44, "A Gymnasium Without Apparatus." (I.) No. 45, "A Gymnasium Without Apparatus." (II.) No. 46, "Bag-Punching." No. 47, "Camping." No. 48, "Cruising in Small Boats."

SNOW-SHOE AND SKEE WORK.

There are two winter sports which seldom fail to exercise a fascination over the imagination of Northern boys; namely, snow-shoeing and skee-running. The latter is not so well known as the former, as it is only in the last few years that it has been introduced here from Norway and Sweden. But this form of locomotion has caught the public fancy to such an extent that, in a few years more, its popularity will probably equal that of snow-shoeing. The Indians were the inventors of the snow-shoe, and valued it solely for the practical use it could be put to in enabling them to make rapid progress over huge stretches of deep, yielding snow, that would otherwise be impossible for them to cross. The skee, which is a modified form of the snow-shoe, and is fully as serviceable for quick traveling, had its origin among the inhabitants of northern Europe.

These forms of recreation differ from others in a peculiar way. The first users of snow-shoes and skees considered only their utility—unless there were some such means of getting about, it meant being snow-bound the greater part of the winter. But snow-shoeing is now a sport, and is practised to a large extent in Canada and

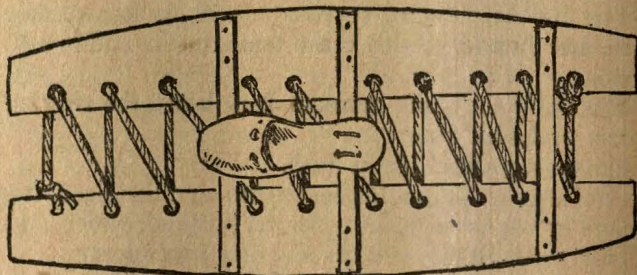


OLD SHOES PREPARED TO SET ON SNOW-SHOE FRAMES.

the States along the northern border, where there is snow for months at a time. Clubs of young men and girls have their weekly tramps over the hills and fields, making the occasion a gala one. They present an attractive picture as they file along over the broad expanse of smooth, white, snowy crust, which catches the sun's rays in its diamond-like crystals, making the fields appear like a beautiful carpet studded with precious jewels. The beauty of the scene is increased by the heightened

contrast of the picturesque costumes worn by the merry, enthusiastic trampers.

Any boy who is handy with tools can own a pair of snow-shoes or skees without being obliged to buy an expensive set. Of course the pair he makes himself will not look just like the ones that the Indians used. These are about three feet in length and a foot, or a foot and a half, in width, consisting of a frame of maple, bent in an elliptical shape and interlaced with thongs of deer, beaver, or moose hide. It is rounded in front, and comes to a kind of neck at the back, which is blunt. The strips of hide which are run criss-cross have to be stretched very tight, to prevent any part from sagging, for should that occur, the shoe would trip up even an experienced walker before he had a chance to go a dozen feet. As this is a very important feature in the real snow-shoe, our boys who contemplate making a pair of their own must pay a great deal of attention to the winding of the rope-



A HOME-MADE SNOW-SHOE.

thongs in the home-made ones we are going to explain to you in this article.

It is the broad surface of the snow-shoe that gives it its weight-sustaining qualities, and enables a heavy-bodied person to walk on soft snow, which ordinarily would not hold a child. As a rule, several pairs of heavy stockings are worn, to prevent the chafing of the moccasins, which are always used with snow-shoes. No one would ever think of wearing ordinary leather shoes. The soft, yielding Indian moccasin, made of a fine-grained leather, which fits the foot like a glove, is the thing to wear, for with them they can be strapped on and held firm without any inconvenience to the wearer.

There is a crosspiece of light wood near the tip of the snow-shoe, upon which the toe of the foot is strapped. The heel is left free, so that it can move in walking without interfering with the knee-action or making it necessary to lift the snow-shoe from the ground in going forward. It never leaves the surface, but is dragged along by the toe.

For a boy who wants to make his own snow-shoes, two barrel staves and some rope will do. The barrel staves should not be more than three feet in length. After selecting these, take three pieces of wood, nine inches long, and nail them to the staves, so that their ends will be even with the edges of the staves. Two of the strips should be placed about six inches from the ends, while the third strip should be nailed four inches lower down, from the crosspiece at the toe-end. Take an old shoe and cut the upper part of the leather, except enough of the toe to reach the curve of the foot. When the shoe is ready it will look like a Turkish bath slipper. After you have taken some clothes-line and run it criss-cross from top to bottom of the barrel staves, the shoe which you have prepared will rest upon a kind of spring, as the

(Continued on page 30.)

A CHAT WITH YOU

Under this general head we purpose each week to sit around the camp fire, and have a heart-to-heart talk with those of our young readers who care to gather there, answering such letters as may reach us asking for information with regard to various healthy sports, both indoor and out. We should also be glad to hear what you think of the leading characters in your favorite publication. It is the editor's desire to make this department one that will be eagerly read from week to week by every admirer of the Jack Lightfoot stories, and prove to be of valuable assistance in building up manly, healthy Sons of America. All letters received will be answered immediately, but may not appear in print under five weeks, owing to the fact that the publication must go to press far in advance of the date of issue. Those who favor us with correspondence will please bear this in mind, and exercise a little patience.

THE EDITOR.

The ALL-SPORTS is the ideal publication for the American youth. I read the first number before allowing my son to read it, but found nothing objectionable in it. The publishers are to be congratulated for having put out a clean lot of stories designed to inculcate manly principles in the growing youth, while interesting them in good stories. I have bought every number for the boy myself and placed the copy in his hands. At the same time, I have forbidden my boy to read some libraries I have seen on the news-stands, for they impress me as being dangerous things to allow a growing boy to read. Fred, my son, has taken a keen interest in outdoor sports since he has had the weekly. As I am a great believer in everything which will awaken an interest in various forms of athletic development among the growing population, you may well believe that I approve of my boy reading such a paper as ALL-SPORTS. The climate out in this part of the country is favorable for the indulgence in outdoor sports all the year round, so that, with the incentive Fred gets from the perusal of the ALL-SPORTS LIBRARY and the opportunity he has for playing all kinds of games, I no longer worry on account of his not getting enough exercise.

MATTHEW HOLMES.

You have made a happy discovery in respect to the qualities of the ALL-SPORTS LIBRARY. No father need be ashamed to allow his son to read the paper. We dare say that you find a great deal of interest in it yourself. There are so many publications now put before the public that are harmful in their tendencies, or, at least, do a boy reader no good morally, that it is difficult for one to choose, without a great deal of consideration, proper reading matter to place in a boy's hands. Jack Lightfoot has so many admirable qualities in his make-up that it does not seem strange that he is the hero of the great body of young American readers. A boy's method of selecting his reading does not differ from that of his elders: he wants a good story, something that will hold his attention from the start to the finish. He gets this in the ALL-SPORTS; but at the same time his reading is doing him a great deal of good, because he is being constantly influenced—unconsciously, perhaps, but none the less effectually—by having a model of manly traits worthy of imitation held up before him at a period when the young mind is the most impressionable. Even outside of our natural interest we feel, therefore, that you have done a very wise thing in choosing the ALL-SPORTS for your son's steady reading.

I have read your valuable library for a long time, and the more I read it the better I like it. There is something to learn in every number. It contains so many useful lessons. If I were cast upon a deserted island, like Robinson Crusoe, and had the choice of only one book to read, I would select the ALL-SPORTS LIBRARY, for I would find all that I would ever want to read in that publication. By the way, it is too bad that he lived before the famous ALL-SPORTS was published. If he only knew

what he has missed! He would never have felt lonely and got homesick if he had had a few copies of your great weekly. Then if Robinson Crusoe only had a few copies of the "How To Do Things" he would have found them very handy. Think of all the things that he could make and learn how to do, even if there are so many things like football and baseball which would be of no use to him, because there was nobody besides his man Friday to play any games with him. I think that the "How To Do Things" column is one of the attractive things of the library. All that I know about baseball and football I have learned from your articles. The way the author writes on the subject shows that he knows what he is talking about. It is very valuable and instructive, for that column alone. I can hardly wait from week to week to get my ALL-SPORTS, so that I can see what tips I can get on some sport or a game. I would like to sit down and have a long talk with "An Old Athlete," and have him tell me about the various kinds of games he seems to know so much about. But if I can't, I am glad to have the next best chance, that of reading his interesting articles each week. Nowhere have I found so much on all kinds of sports, and I have a whole lot of books and papers at home that are supposed to tell you a great deal about these things. I want to thank Mr. Stevens and an "Old Athlete" for the pleasure I have derived from them so many weeks. May The Winner Publishing Company and Mr. Stevens always prosper.

F. E. NEEDHAM.

Vincennes, Ind.

We appreciate receiving such long and interesting letters from our readers. It is gratifying to learn that the column "How To Do Things," is meeting with so much favor with our friends. We are endeavoring to make it even more interesting than it was before, so that you may expect to see a great number of articles which you did not think would ever appear. A large proportion of them will contain information not obtainable except in books and pamphlets now out of print. There are so many things that boys are interested in, but which they find great difficulty in getting information about, that the ALL-SPORTS LIBRARY is going to make these rare articles a feature of its "How To Do Things" column. There is hardly a boy who does not want to make something at some time or other, but he is so often puzzled as to just how the thing is done that, not having specific information close at hand, he finally gives up in despair of ever learning how to make a canoe, snow-shoes, a camera, or whatever it may be at the time. You and all the readers of ALL-SPORTS will be surprised to see just how many things one can make and do, and how easy it is after you have been told in plain, simple language. There will appear a number of articles on subjects which have never before been described in any publication. On the whole, the readers of ALL-SPORTS who take particular interest in this department are going to be given a treat that will surprise them in more ways than one. You will then believe more than ever that if Robinson Crusoe had a file of this library he would have been able to have accomplished a great many more things than he ever dreamed of. We wish to thank you again for the kindly letter you have written us expressing your appreciation of the weekly.

Children, verily, verily I say unto thee, the ALL-SPORTS is the article the doctor ordered. It cures everything and can be especially recommended for the "blues." Brothers and sisters, come forward and put in your howl to the effect that Mr. Stevens' visage be placed on one of the covers. Yea verily, even so. We would fain inquire if "Mr. Stevens" is a *nom de plume* or not. Even so.

De ALL-SPORTS is der best wot is, and we sticks to it like a plaster. Der mut wot says it ain't orta use soap. Dat Jack

Lightfoot is der real goods from his feet down. Der way he hands 'em up ter der batters would warm der heart of a skiter.

Dot Doms Lighfeet peen a dandy, ain'd it. De vay dot palloons vent him up indo peen a peach. Yaw, dot peen correctness. His und Shack peen making a dandy bair, don'd it. Uf bulligation dot ALL-SPORTS shtop much grief my heart filled mit been. Oxcuse you, uf mine English peen doo glassical for to be understood, mit you? Yaw.

Jirry Mulligan foriver, begobs. He's the b'y for me, Qi dunno. Bedad, Mr. Stevens, it's more about Jirry that we're afther wanting to know more of.

Three cheers and a tiger for the publishers. You will know me as

"JOSHUA, DIGGER, FRITZ, PAT EVERYTHING."

Terre Haute, Ind.

I have been a sailor on a coast-wise schooner for the last few months, and during the hours between watches I have found ALL-SPORTS just the thing to while away time. All the men in the forecstle wait their turn to read the copy each week after I have finished with it. The moment I get into port the first thing I do is to rush to the nearest stationery store and get the latest number. Sometimes we do not arrive in any port for two weeks at a stretch, and I have to wait all that time before being able to get my favorite story-book. But how I make up for lost time when I do finally get it! "Hurrah!" say all my pals on the *Mary Jane* when we hear the ALL-SPORTS mentioned. I mail this letter from Boston while the ship is taking on a cargo for the South.

A SAILOR BOY.

Boston, Mass.

Your letter will be of considerable interest to many of our readers from the inland States, who like to hear about the sea and the brave fellows whose dangerous occupation makes their life so exciting and attractive to the "landlubbers."

I have read the ALL-SPORTS LIBRARY from No 1 up to No. 39, and will continue to read it until the end, which I hope won't be for a good many years. I agree with the author about jiu-jitsu, and I think it should be taught only by such men as Matsuki, the Jap in No. 28. I am glad the football season has opened, because I like a change. I like the baseball stories all right. I am going to get all the numbers of the ALL-SPORTS bound. I think it would be a good plan to sell covers for twenty-six or fifty-two numbers together. I bet that the Mildale team felt cheap after they had kidnaped Brodie and Kate Strong, and then lost the game to Cranford anyway. Kate certainly did act good after she had heard those fellows talking about doing up the Cranford fellows. I would like to see her with a show. Yours truly,

BERNARD HERMAN.

St. Paul, Minn.

Jiu-jitsu should be taught only by an expert Japanese like Matsuki, as you say. It is a science quite new to white people, and probably will not become very popular for some time to come. Then, you know, it is difficult to learn, and requires months of practise before one can expect to be proficient in using it.

Being an admirer of your weekly, I wish to ask you a few questions. My measurements were all made stripped. Age, 15 years 4 months; height, 5 feet 7 inches; weight, 117 pounds; shoulders, 14.8 inches; right forearm, 9 inches; left, 9 inches; chest, contracted, 28.5 inches; expanded, 32.4 inches; right biceps, flexed, 10.3 inches; left, 10.3 inches; right calf, 12.2 inches; left, 12.2 inches. I can pull up but six times; can jump, standing, seven feet seven inches. Please answer following in your weekly: 1. Are my measurements good? 2. What are my weak points, and how can I improve them? 3. How can I gain weight? 4. How can I increase chest measurements? Yours truly,

DAN HARRIS.

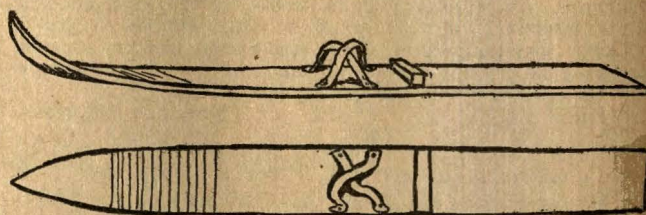
Cambridge, Mass.

Your weight lacks nearly twenty pounds, while the chest measurement shows that its expansion is below normal. The biceps are also below standard. Use the punching-bag and exercise with dumb-bells and Indian clubs for both your chest and arms. To increase weight, eat plenty of plain, wholesome food, consisting mainly of potatoes, beans, roast beef, brown bread, mutton, and cereals.

("How to do Things")—Continued from page 28.

line has some little "give" to it even when drawn very taut. It is better to use screws in fastening the shoe to the crosspiece than nails. Use long shawl-straps if you cannot get strips of hide, and wind them around the ankle and back of the heel, bringing the ends through a hole on each side of the leather upper, covering the toes. Do not strap down your heels, for it would be impossible for you to walk thus. Remember always to drag the snow-shoes after you instead of lifting the foot off the ground.

The other form of snow locomotion that will probably interest you a great deal, on account of its novelty, is the skee. This is easier to make than snow-shoes, and will afford you just as much fun. The kind that the Norwegians use are nine feet long, but yours need to be only about five feet in length. They can be made out of barrel staves also. Plane them down at the toe-end till they are only about a quarter of an inch thick. This part of the skee should also be planed to a point, so that it looks like the end of a picket fence. The under-surface should be perfectly smooth, to enable the runner to glide easily over the snow and the ice. A good way to turn the staves up at the end without the laborious task that is generally implied in such work is to gouge a few criss-cross lines on the upper surface about a foot from the toe; cover the end with a thick coating of grease, and hold it close to a red-hot fire. When the wood is thoroughly heated, bend up the end and bind it in position with stout twine. Put the staves away for a few days, and they will then be ready for you to put on the finish-



NORWEGIAN SKEE.

ing touches. Sandpaper both sides, so that the surface will be perfectly smooth. Take a block of wood an inch thick by two inches long, and high enough to fill the space made by the heel of your shoe, and screw it firmly to the middle of the barrel stave. Fasten a leather strap in front of the wooden block, so that when the foot is placed in the skee, with the instep directly over the piece of wood, it will hold the shoe firm and snug. The skee differs from the snow-shoe in this respect, as the foot must be bound to the skee as if it were a part of it. It is customary to carry a long stick, to assist in walking up steep hills. It has a spiked end to pierce the crust, and a ring a foot farther up to prevent the stick from going through to any great length. Sometimes a thong is looped at the top for the hand to run through, as an additional security; it prevents the stick from being wrenched from one's grasp.

The beginner will find that he is obliged to use a long stick for some time; only the most expert skee-runners carry a short one. These sticks are used for balancing, and cannot very well be dispensed with by the beginner. When you have mastered skee-running, you ought to be able to keep up a gait of, say, eight or nine miles an hour for quite a long time.

STIRRING SEA TALES

PAUL JONES WEEKLY

STORIES of the adventures of the gallant American hero, Paul Jones, in the battles he had with the British men-o'-war during the Revolution.

The history of his brave deeds forms some of the most interesting and brilliant pages in American history, and the stories which appear in "Paul Jones Weekly" are so fascinating and full of the spirit of patriotism that no real boy can resist the temptation to read them.

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- 1—Paul Jones' Cruise for Glory; or, The Sign of the Coiled Rattlesnake.
- 2—Paul Jones at Bay; or, Striking a Blow for Liberty.
- 3—Paul Jones' Pledge; or, The Tiger of the Atlantic.
- 4—Paul Jones' Bold Swoop; or, Cutting Out a British Supply Ship.
- 5—Paul Jones' Strategy; or, Outwitting the Fleets of Old England.
- 6—Paul Jones' Long Chase; or, The Last Shot in the Locker.
- 7—Out With Paul Jones; or, Giving Them a Bad Fright Along the English Coast.
- 8—Paul Jones Afloat and Ashore; or, Stirring Adventures in London Town.
- 9—Paul Jones' Swamp Trail; or, Outwitting the Coast Raiders.
- 10—Paul Jones' Defiance; or, How the Virginia Planter Invaded "Robbers' Roost."
- 11—Paul Jones' Double; or, Cruise of the "Floating Feather."
- 12—Adrift With Paul Jones; or, The Last of the Lagoon Pirates.

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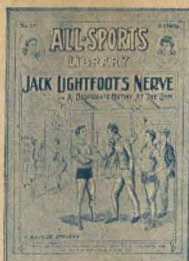
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| 16—Jack Lightfoot's Strategy; or, Hare-and-Hounds Over Cranford Hills. | 33—Jack Lightfoot's Cleverness; or, The Boy Who Butted In. |
| 17—Jack Lightfoot in the Saddle; or, A Jockey for Just One Day. | 34—Jack Lightfoot's Decision; or, That Chestnut of "Playing Against Ten Men." |
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| 25—Jack Lightfoot Afloat; or, The Cruise of the Canvas Canoes. | 42—Jack Lightfoot's Flying Wedge; or, How Kirtland Won the Game for Cranford. |
| 26—Jack Lightfoot's Hard Luck; or, A Lightning Triple Play in the Ninth. | 43—Jack Lightfoot's Great Kick; or, The Tackle That Did Not Work. |
| 27—Jack Lightfoot's Iron Arm; or, How the New "Spit" Ball Worked the Charm. | 44—Jack Lightfoot's Duck-Blind; or, A Strange Mystery of the Swamp. |
| 28—Jack Lightfoot on the Mat; or, The Jiu-Jitsu Trick that Failed to Work. | 45—Jack Lightfoot's Luck; or, Glorious Days of Sport Ahead. |
| 29—Jack Lightfoot's All-Sports Team; or, How Lufe Lampton Threw the Hammer. | 46—Jack Lightfoot's Triumph; or, Back from a Watery Grave. |
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| 31—Jack Lightfoot's Lucky Find; or, The New Man Who Covered "Short." | 48—Jack Lightfoot's Plans; or, Wrecked on Indian River. |
| 32—Jack Lightfoot, Archer; or, The Strange Secret an Arrow Revealed. | 49—Jack Lightfoot on Snowshoes; or, The Chase of the Great Moose. |
| | 50—Jack Lightfoot Snowed-Up; or, Lost in the Trackless Canadian Wilderness. |

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ALL-SPORTS LIBRARY

All sports that boys are interested in, are carefully dealt with in the ALL-SPORTS LIBRARY. The stories deal with the adventures of plucky lads while indulging in healthy pastimes.

TIP TOP WEEKLY



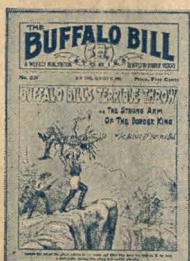
Frank and Dick Merriwell are two brothers whose adventures in college and on the athletic field are of intense interest to the American boy of to-day. They prove that a boy does not have to be a rowdy to have exciting sport.

NICK CARTER WEEKLY

We know, boys, that there is no need of introducing to you Nicholas Carter, the greatest sleuth that ever lived. Every number containing the adventures of Nick Carter has a peculiar, but delightful, power of fascination.



BUFFALO BILL STORIES



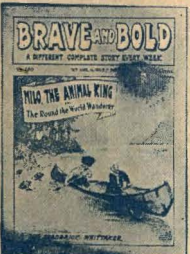
Buffalo Bill is the hero of a thousand exciting adventures among the Redskins. These are given to our boys only in the Buffalo Bill Stories. They are bound to interest and please you.

PAUL JONES WEEKLY

Do not think for a second, boys, that these stories are a lot of musty history, just sugar-coated. They are all new tales of exciting adventure on land and sea, in all of which boys of your own age took part.



BRAVE AND BOLD



Every boy who prefers variety in his reading matter, ought to be a reader of Brave and Bold. All these were written by authors who are past masters in the art of telling boys' stories. Every tale is complete in itself.

ROUGH RIDER WEEKLY

Ted Strong was appointed deputy marshal by accident, but he resolves to use his authority and rid his ranch of some very tough bullies. He does it in such a slick way that everyone calls him "King of the Wild West" and he certainly deserves his title.



DIAMOND DICK WEEKLY



The demand for stirring stories of Western adventure is admirably filled by this library. Every up-to-date boy ought to read just how law and order are established and maintained on our Western plains by Diamond Dick, Bertie, and Handsome Harry.

BOWERY BOY LIBRARY

The adventures of a poor waif whose only name is "Bowery Billy." Billy is the true product of the streets of New York. No boy can read the tales of his trials without imbibing some of that resource and courage that makes the character of this homeless boy stand out so prominently.

